

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 18, 1978

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CHRYSLER LeBARON

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Basic Blank.

The workhorse tape, technically called Low Noise—don't trouble yourself why. It's for those times when you just want to get it down.

In school, a boring lecture on "The history of the thank-you note through the ages."

In the office, yet another budget meeting. In the car, for your cassette player.

At home, for your Uncle Iggy practicing the oboe.

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While Basic Blank is primarily for speech recording, Better Blank is primarily for music. (Its technical name is Hi Fidelity, one of the few technical names to explain anything.)

Better Blank is sensitive to a wide dynamic range—which means the lows and the highs. It's particularly valid in the bass register—and it won't hurt too much at the cash register.

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If you want to sound knowledgeable, call it Chromium Dioxide. A thin coating of that substance makes this tape loyal and faithful in the high frequency range.

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But do you need Fern-Chrome? Some say that only the Vern-Crazy can tell the difference. But it's nice to know that the difference is there—if you have the ears to hear it.

Basic Blank.



Better Blank.



Beautiful Music Blank.



Best Blank.



SONY

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Having captivated audiences all over the world with their favorite music, Mr. "Pops" will now enchant you with his personal favorites. All the selections he loves most are here, including some he's never recorded before. This stunning series was produced expressly for Time-Life Records in Boston's famous Symphony Hall, scene of many Fiedler triumphs.

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OPERA—overtures, marches, dances and vocal works from *La Bohème*, *Aida*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Carmen*, and Wagner's immortal *Lohengrin*.

TIN PAN ALLEY—popular tunes transformed into breathtaking symphonic experiences: *Misty*, *Moon River*, *Stardust*, *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, *Yesterday*, and more—including an infectious treatment of *The Toy Trumpet* with Al Hirt as soloist.

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Every album in *Arthur Fiedler's Favorites* comes with a ten-day free-audition privilege—so you keep only the albums you truly enjoy. To sample the first album (described below), mail our postpaid reply card today. Or use coupon below.

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Enjoy the brash originality and rich exuberance of our musical heritage through 30 varied compositions, selected and conducted by the Maestro. They include, on three concert-quality LP records (or two eight-track tape cartridges or tape cassettes): *Yankee Doodle*, *Home on the Range*, *Shenandoah*, *Down in the Valley*, Porter's *Don't Fence Me In*, Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, Sondheim's *Send in the Clowns*, and more.

Fiedler also teams up in this lively album with several of America's finest musicians: Duke Ellington on his own *Mood Indigo*; Chet Atkins on *Tennessee Waltz*; Peter Nero on *Rhapsody in Blue*.

A fascinating booklet of notes on the music, prepared in cooperation with Fiedler, accompanies your records.

Plus Bonus Gift!

And you also receive a delightful, full-color, 24-page biography of the Maestro, with a number of rare photographs—yours to keep even if you decide not to buy a single album.





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RMAD78

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by JEANNETTE BRUCE

A WEST COAST TRANQUILIZER: PUT THE WEARY BOD IN A TUB OF HOT WATER

Don't look now but one more California fad—or innovation or godsend, depending on how you look at it—is making its way across our land, though, surprisingly, without the usual accompaniment of fanfare and hoopla. Montana wheat farmers, usually a sober lot, have joined the craze, as have folks in San Antonio, Chicago and even as far east as Westchester County, N.Y. Clearly, the time to get into a "hot tub," America's latest tranquilizer, has arrived.

Bob Ficker, president of Pacific Northwest Hot Tubs, located in a suburb of Seattle, where tubs are currently all the rage, believes his company gets most of its business by word of mouth. Somebody sits in somebody else's hot tub and likes it. Recently Ficker finished installing one on the upper deck of a house-

boat on Lake Union in Seattle, and he expressed only mild surprise when a client flew in from Washington, D.C. and ordered not one but two tubs—the second for cold water, enabling the tubber to leap from hot to cold. "I consider that the ultimate in masochism," says Ficker, who has sold and installed more than 250 tubs since he went into business three years ago. His list of customers also includes Running Back Don Testerman of the Seattle Seahawks, whose favorable reaction to the therapeutic qualities of his new six-by-four-foot tub sent a number of other members of the football team to Ficker's door for tubs of their own. Pacific Northwest Hot Tubs Inc. (14802 N.E. 31st Circle, Redmond, Wash. 98052) now sells do-it-yourself kits, and sales this year have boomed. "Installing the plumbing is the only tricky part," Ficker says. "Otherwise, it's fun putting it all together." Potential hot tub owners, however, should make sure that the kits they purchase are from reputable companies. Ficker received a call from a woman whose husband had bought a kit from a first-buck operator in California (30,000 hot tubs were sold in that

state last year) but found the package incomplete and the instructions impossible to follow. "My husband just threw the hammer through the garage window," the woman told Ficker.

A hot tub holds 500 to 700 gallons of water and is heated by electricity or gas, whichever is appropriate in your neck of the woods. Gas heats the water slightly faster than electricity. Tubs are made of either redwood or cedar, which swell as the water heats up. A pump and a heater keep the water warm and circulating, while a dash of chlorine and a filter keep it clean. Timers are available to turn the heater on automatically while the week-end athlete is out on the playing fields working up some sore muscles. If the owner follows the proper maintenance procedures, the water in a tub five feet in diameter and four feet deep will have to be changed only every four months or so.

The five-footer might be called the small economy size and will suit those who enjoy soaking in solitude. The most popular size, however, measures six feet across, while an eight-foot tub will hold as many as 12 friends.

The frost won't bite!

Try smooth Gilbey's Gin.
In an icy-cold mixed drink, the clean,
smooth flavor of Gilbey's Gin
comes through, clear and satisfying.



Smooth Gilbey's
As smooth as expensive imported gins.

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who happen to drop in. All tubs have sitting benches inside. For a touch of luxury, a deck running around the outside can be added. Though the water is usually heated to around 102 to 106°, some handy tubbers, the wrinkled-skin set, have been known to boost the temperature as high as 110°. The best time for soaking, according to Ficker, is when the outdoor temperature drops to 30° or lower.

Eighty-five percent of the tubs Ficker installs are outside the house, either in the yard or on the patio, and many of his customers are young couples buying their first home. Prices range from \$1,700 to \$2,500 for complete tubs. Kits are \$400 to \$500 cheaper. Two hydrotherapy jets are standard features, though some customers order more. Other options include walkways, trellises and landscaping.

So what makes a hot tub better than a bathtub filled with steaming water? It's deeper, the water doesn't cool off and it can be used outdoors. And what makes it better than a heated swimming pool? The tub doesn't take up as much room, it's cheaper and it's friendlier.

"The hot tub is not a luxury, it's pure decadence," says Peggy Wilkinson of Kirkland, Wash., who last June moved four couples to join her and her husband in their tub to watch TV as the Seattle SuperSonics lost to the Washington Bullets.

Ficker's wife used their tub throughout her pregnancy. "It took the weight off," she says. Ficker, who grew up in Oregon, remembers walking as far as 20 miles to enjoy soaking in natural hot springs. He admits that the tub is a "frill" but denies that it is wasteful of energy. "It costs about as much energy a year as driving a car 150 to 200 miles," he claims.

Ficker believes the idea for hot tubs came to America by way of Japan and Korea. American GIs got a taste of Oriental "steeping tubs," and Californians returning from those countries at first pressed old wine casks into service but soon found them a nuisance because the unrecirculated water had to be changed so often.

There is nothing wrong with putting a hot tub in the house, but to dedicated tubbers this seems mundane. As to the inevitable question of whether or not to wear bathing suits, that depends on one's life-style and the attitudes of people invited to a hot tub party. "Bathing in the buff is a more sensual experience," says Ficker.

You say it's the football season? Linulate John Hurfiet, who lives in Redmond. As he did last year, Hurfiet will invite five or six buddies over for the evening, place six-packs within easy reach and, when everyone has settled into the eight-foot tub, turn on the television set for Monday Night Football. **END**



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

NEWS NOTE

An item in the Sept. 8 *Boston Globe* "An unprecedented statewide campaign to increase protection of [football] players against injury, with special emphasis on those injuries which result from 'spearing' and 'hutt blocking,' has been undertaken by the Massachusetts Interscholastic Athletic Assn., Inc."

SHAKE-UP IN THE TEMPLE

Teddy Brenner, matchmaker at Madison Square Garden for the last 20 years, has gotten the bounce from Garden chairman Sonny Werblin. Brenner's position became shaky two months ago after Werblin arranged for Don King to co-promote fights at the Garden. King and Brenner have been rivals, and after a recent riot at the Garden, Brenner was quoted as saying he would not be surprised if King had arranged for fans to throw bottles to make him look bad.

Werblin has named fight manager Gil Clancy as matchmaker, but Brenner has no doubt that King is really in charge. Says Teddy, "King's ambition has always been to get into the temple of boxing so he could be the high priest."

BYE-BYE, BIRDIE

The Chicago Black Hawks have moved their Central Hockey League farm team from Dallas because some of the players were too happy with the golfing and disco dancing there. As Sam Blair of the Dallas News puts it, "The distractions should be considerably less in Moncton, New Brunswick."

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Let's hear it for pollution, which has its centennial this month. Exactly 100 years ago, the *Spart of the Times*, a prominent publication of the day, noted, "Like rumbling sounds of distant thunder, an occasional report came to the office of the *Spart*, to inform us that the gas factories were running the quality of eels and bottom-fishing fish throughout the East River. But as the great body of anglers

made no complaint, we made no note of the subject. But within the past year a more serious injury to the fishery around Manhattan has presented itself, the waters having become impregnated by the refuse from the kerosene refining factories to such an offensive degree, as to have not only deteriorated all bottom-feeding fishes, but the striped bass as well have become so permeated by the offensive refuse as to be unfit for the table. This is a great damage, for there are many who made bass fishing near New York their only recreation."

To be precise, the *Spart of the Times* story appeared on Sept. 28, 1878, but we thought fishermen might like to know ahead of time so they can get ready to celebrate the big day.

GELUSIL, GEORGE

Workaholic George Allen is now working NFL games on CBS, but on the first day of the season the recently fired Ram coach spent his first game day with his family since he began coaching in 1948. SI correspondent Jack Tohin, who dropped by the Allen home overlooking the Pacific in Palos Verdes, reports on this unique occurrence:

There in the family room, by gosh, is George, mopping sweat from his brow and all dressed up like a coach in green, yellow and brown checked shorts, a white short-sleeved shirt, white sweat socks, blue Puma shoes and a sweep-second-hand watch.

"This is weird," Allen says. "I just finished working out. I ran 3½ miles at Rolling Hills High and did my double push-ups, 110 of them. If I hadn't worked out," he adds, pointing to the timbers on the ceiling, "I'd be up there."

George is also going out of his gourd because the telecast of the Ram game from Philadelphia has been delayed so CBS can show the investiture of Pope John Paul II, and he has to listen to the game on radio. "I can't visualize what's going on from a description," he says. The game is in the second quarter, and

when Frank Corral kicks his second field goal to put the Rams ahead 6-0, Allen calms briefly and says, "The only way the Eagles have a chance is for the Rams to make a mistake. The Eagles' offense can't move the ball running." A Ram gain is nullified because of holding, and Allen asks the radio, "Who's holding? That's what I want to know. I'd like to know who was holding. What number?" The radio doesn't answer. Just before the half ends, Ram rookie Glen Walker punts 50 yards, and Allen says, "I cut all the other punters early to give him confidence."

Channel 2 suddenly cuts from Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. "I've never seen it this way before on Sunday," Allen says. As CBS shows highlights of other action around the league, an announcer remarks that a receiver did not have time to "look for



the ball." George shoots back at the set. "He had time to look. He *didn't* look. It's his job to look. He's *paid* to look!" He switches to the Oiler-Falcon game just as the half ends and the players are walking off the field. "Run off! Jog off!" he says. "Show pride!"

Back to CBS. The Rams receive. First and 10 on their 10. Allen calls out, "Blue stall slot! Blue stall slot! Flair!" The Rams are forced to kick. George pops up, muttering, "I'm not going to be able to watch these games. Boy, I can't watch them." The Rams kick a punt and lead 13-0. "Could I have a glass of milk, Eny?" Allen calls to his wife. "My stomach is bothering me." Asked if he wouldn't prefer a Gelusil instead, he replies, "I took one.

continued

5 MILES A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

Mavis Lindgren had been subject to colds all her life. At two she had whooping cough, at 13 tuberculosis, and until middle age she was afflicted by chest colds that turned into pneumonia three times.

Then, at age 62, with her doctor's blessing, Mavis started running because she thought it would help her.

Obviously, it has. Now 71, Mavis says, "After I started running I never had another cold. I've been sick once in nine years. I had a real bad flu. I had it for three hours."

Mavis Lindgren and an estimated 10 million other joggers in America feel running keeps them healthy. It's something Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans believe in, too. We're convinced that people who exercise and stay fit help slow down the rise in health care costs.

Of course, there are other effective ways to fight rising costs besides asking you to stay fit. To do it, we've initiated many programs with doctors and hospitals.

Second surgical opinion, medical necessity programs, home care, health maintenance organizations, same-day surgery, pre-admission testing — these and other programs are being adopted by Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans all over the country to help keep costs in line.

We're encouraged. The average length of hospital stays for Blue Cross Plan subscribers under age 65 dropped by almost a day between 1968 and 1977. That may not sound like much. But if the length of stay were the same today as it was in 1968, we would be paying an additional \$1,249,869,813 a year. In addition, the rate of hospital admissions for these subscribers dropped by 4.9%, representing \$554,938,847.

But controlling health care costs without sacrificing quality is a tough problem. One we all have to work on together.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are actively promoting exercise, fitness and other health programs. Naturally, we'd like you to use common sense, see your doctor and don't overdo it at first.

But if you're concerned about high health care costs, do as Mavis Lindgren and millions of other Americans are doing.

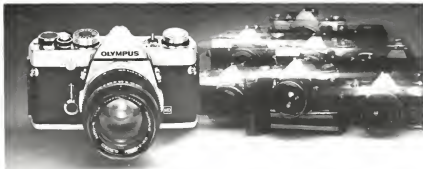
Run away from them.

For a free booklet, "Food and Fitness," or for information on how your company can view a special film, "You Can't Buy Health," write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680.



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The cream. The crop.

Olympus introduced the OM-1 and started the world of photography with the creation of the compact SLR. Today, the OM System is still the cream of the crop.

Because while others have emulated our compact design, OM cameras continue to offer features others can't.

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Enter the OM-1. Suddenly, the SLR camera is 33% smaller and lighter, yet incredibly rugged to meet the demands of professional wear and tear. Miraculously, the viewfinder is 70% brighter and 30% larger for faster, easier composing and focusing.

And suddenly, the OM-1 became the #1 selling compact SLR. Its metering system is designed to give complete control to professionals and photojournalists. No distractions, blinking lights, or obscured images in the viewfinder.

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Olympus created a unique shock absorber and air damper system to eliminate noise and vibration, for sharper, unobtrusive photography. Especially vital for long tele shots and macro/micro photos.

The Biggest Smallest System.

More than 280 components, all compact design, include 13 interchangeable screens so you can meet any photographic challenge. Ingeniously designed to change in seconds through the lens mount. And more compact

lenses than any other system, each a marvel of optical design and performance.

Olympus "Unlocks" Motor Drive.

OM-1 is still unsurpassed in its continuous-view motor drive capability: 5 frames per second. And a Rapid Winder that fires as fast as 3 shots a second! With no mirror "lock-up," regardless of lens used.

Enter The OM-2. Automatically.

It's the fully automatic OM, with major differences from all other automatics! The only SLR with "off-the-film" light measurement for those photographers demanding the ultimate innovation in automatic exposure control. Which means each frame in motor drive or rapid winder sequences is individually exposure-controlled. And it makes possible the unique Olympus 310 Flash whose exposure duration is controlled by the camera's metering system.

And of course, the OM-2 shares every other innovation and system component with the OM-1.

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Visit your camera store. Compare. You'll discover that Olympus is not only the cream of the crop. It's the crème de la crème!

OLYMPUS



I did, right after the half was over."

Despite the Rams' lead, George is jittery. "Misstakes can still hurt." Bingo, the Eagles score, making it 13-7. The Rams have to punt, and Wally Henry makes it 14-13 Eagles with a 57-yard return. "This is the last game I'm going to watch," moans George. "No more."

But George might just as well be on the sideline in Veterans Stadium. His eyes are glued to the action, his hands on his knees, his legs spread. There's 1:20 to play, and Quarterback Pat Haden of the Rams throws an incompletion. "When quarterbacks throw on the run, invariably they overthrow." Allen says. With 12 seconds on the clock, Corral comes in to try a 38-yard field goal. Allen says, "We had him kicking over a seven-foot screen to get height. We were concerned about his line-drive kicks."

From Philadelphia, Van Scully calls the action. "Now it's up to Frank Corral. It's up! It'sssssssss good!"

"Whoooooooooooo!" George yells as the Rams win 16-14.

Scully says of the replay, "Take another look."

"Aw," says George. "I can't take this."

TEDDY FISHGAME

Ted Williams, who won the triple crown in the American League in 1947 with 32 homers, 114 runs batted in and a .343 average, has celebrated his 60th birthday by achieving a triple-crown goal he set for himself in 1965—catching 1,000 bonefish, 1,000 tarpon and 1,000 Atlantic salmon on the fly rod. With the bonefish and tarpon goals in hand (for years, Williams has spent his winters in the Florida Keys), he was 27 salmon short of 1,000 when he recently left his camp on the Miramichi and went to fish the Whale River in Quebec. He took care of that with 35 fish in six days. Williams would love to say that salmon No. 1,000 was a great fish, but with customary candor he reports, "It was a dinky little damn fish, 'bout as much oomph as Billy Goodman [a singles hitter] used to get on the bat when we played together in Boston."

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

While the Portland Trail Blazers are reporting to training camp this week, Bill Walton—his left foot still in a cast—will be in Egypt, camped at the base of the pyramids for three nights of concerts by the Grateful Dead. This development should raise scarcely an eyebrow after

the bizarre series of events that followed Walton's demands to be traded to a team of his choice because of the Trail Blazers' policy on administering pain-killing drugs (SI, Aug. 21).

The story began taking its latest twist two weeks ago when Walton and the Golden State Warriors, his "chosen" team, reached an impasse in their contract talks. At about the same time, the Warriors and the Trail Blazers—who have maintained that any trade for Walton must make them "whole"—failed to come to terms. The snag in both cases is that there is little chance Walton will be sound enough to play much this season, if at all. "We cannot make acquiring Bill our top priority right now," says Warrior executive Scotty Stirling. "He's not ready to play basketball and we're not going to ruin our team for this season to get a player who can't play."

Golden State can afford to stand pat, but Portland can't. If the Blazers refuse to accept, say, a mediocre center like Robert Parrish or a forward like Sonny Parker from the Warriors, they will have to pay Walton \$450,000 in salary, only to lose him to free-agent status at the end of the season when his contract expires. Then Walton can take the first plane to the Bay Area, or anywhere else.

Last week Walton met with Blazer President Larry Weinberg. "I decided one more time to see if there was any way I could continue to play for the Trail Blazers," said Walton. "There wasn't. At the beginning of the meeting I told Larry that I had serious difficulties with most of the people in the Trail Blazer management." Indeed, Walton told Weinberg he wanted him to fire General Manager Harry Glickman, team physician Bob Cook, trainer Ron Culp, public relations director John White and business manager George Rickles. "I would have compromised on Jack Ramsay," Walton said, "because he's a great coach." Weinberg's reply was that policies could be changed, but personnel would not be.

And Walton's difficulties didn't end there. A series of what he termed "extreme personality differences" with his friend and agent Jack Scott had mucked up negotiations with Golden State and San Diego, another team that had expressed an interest in Walton, so last week Walton and Scott parried ways. Said Walton gracefully, "I understand and acknowledge all of the personal harassment Jack has unfairly received in the process

of helping me." Said Scott, Walton is "spoiled." O tempora! O mores!

WRONG ADDRESS

Representative John T. Myers (R., Ind.) is furious at the Postal Service for issuing the new auto racing stamp in Ontario, Calif., instead of in Indianapolis. He fired off a letter to Postmaster General William F. Bolger in which he noted that the stamp features an "Indianapolis-type car" and added, "Indianapolis is the auto racing capital. Ask any racing fan."

In reply, Deputy Postmaster General James V. P. Conway explained that the service originally planned to issue the stamp in Indianapolis at the time of the 500, but because of the change in rates, from 13¢ to 15¢, it was unable to do so. The service then decided to make Ontario, the site of the California 500, the issuing place.

Conway offered Myers and other outraged Hoosiers this consolation: "Missing the 1978 Indianapolis race does not mean we have slighted Indianapolis. As you know, Indianapolis was the first-day-of-issue city for the block of four butterfly stamps issued on June 6, 1977. You may not know that the butterfly stamps were voted the most popular issue of 1977 in polls conducted by philatelic publications, and thus focused attention on the city of their issuance."

Tell that to A.J. Conway.

ANDRETTI

Mario Andretti is the new world driving champion, the first American to hold that title in 17 years, and we salute him with pride and admiration. But it is inexpressibly sad that the race in which his championship was confirmed, Sunday's Italian Grand Prix, took the life of Ronnie Peterson of Sweden, Andretti's teammate and closest pursuer for the driving title. Despite the safety advances drivers have achieved in a decade of hard striving, Grand Prix racing obviously continues to present the risk of fatal accident. Just as clearly, its participants see in it rewards that make the risk worth taking. Like his comrades, Andretti has put his life on the line; now he has won the race.

HE SAID IT

● Jeff Giese, 7-year-old son of Miami Dolphin Quarterback Bob Griese, on learning his father would be sidelined with a knee injury: "Oh, good, now we get to color your cast." **END**

While you've been working your way up
for all these years, we've been quietly
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HE MOWED BORG DOWN

And, appropriately enough, it was at the Meadow, the U.S. Open's new home, that Jimmy Connors walloped his nemesis to win the title and to vindicate himself

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Well the game of tennis finally got a new Jimbo. Yes, sir. Just in time to make the new U.S. Open, too. First the new Jimbo bared his rear end to the spectators. Then he raised his middle finger to the sky, pointing out something or other to the officials. Mostly the new Jimbo refused to talk to some people with pencils and microphones. And he cursed and ran off to hide in a big car with his friends. Oh, yeah, the new Jimbo also kicked the living daylights out of Bjorn Borg to win the tournament. What's that? Oh, it was the old Jimmy Connors who did all those things? Oh. Sorry.

There have been as many new Jimbos as new Nixons, of course. But old or new, Jimmy Connors last week did what a lot of people were saying he was no longer capable of doing. When his nearly perfect 6-4, 6-2, 6-2 dismantling of Borg was over, Connors had not only blurred his nemesis' grand vision of the Grand Slam, but he had also lifted himself back onto that lofty plateau that both men seem to take turns occupying high above their fellow practitioners of the sport.

To explain the charade that Connors and Borg made of still another major championship, it is necessary to understand that the U.S. Open—which this year moved to a new stretch of New York cement from its old Har-Tru home at Forest Hills—could just as well be played on parquet. Sealy Posturepedic. Crunchy

Granola, anything—and it would still come down to the same two finalists.

There would be Connors raging and snorting and charging himself into a frenzy, and there would be Borg shrugging his shoulders and falling asleep as they marched in tandem into the record books. This time the man marching in front turned out to be Connors.

Surely Borg's straight-set thrashing of Connors at Wimbledon last July was an embarrassment that Jimbo seemed determined to exorcise in the very first game. Connors came out blazing, forced five break points, and though he didn't win the marathon 20-point game, he gave notice that there was more of the same to come.

Relentless on the attack, Jimbo broke Bjorn's serve early in each set—the fifth game, then the third, then the third again. He slashed penetrating returns, brushed the corners with ground strokes and covered all of Borg's angled offerings with lunging volleys. Connors' pressure had Borg looking hangdog even before he could decide how much his blistered right thumb would affect the outcome.

Borg had taken an injection in the thumb ("a long-acting anesthetic," the doctor called it) earlier, and the thumb

continued

This was not the new, but the old Connors, playing so aggressively that Borg never broke him





undoubtedly bothered him—he double-faulted five times and on two other serves the racket flew from his hand, landing by the net. But in the face of Connors' spectacular performance—"such great tennis, such force, such aggression I don't know if I've ever put on so much pressure for so long," Jimbo said afterward—Borg might have looked all thumbs anyway. Not once did Borg break serve. Not once did he even earn a break point against Connors' improved flattened-out deliveries. In a reversal of their usual form, Connors fired in 80% of his first serves, Borg 58%.

"The thumb didn't make any difference," Borg said afterward with a less-than-reassuring grin. Of the lightning-quick rubberized asphalt court he had been complaining about all week, he said, "Jammy was born on this stuff. This is his court. I saw he was on top of his game from the beginning. There was not much I could do."

For those who wished to avoid the scenes of carnage left by Connors and Borg en route to the final, there was plenty to do just concentrating on the pluses and minuses and question marks of the USTA's all-new, all red-white-and-blue National Tennis Center, a \$10 million, 16-acre, 34-court (indoores and outdoors) complex to which the American championships had been moved after 54 years on the hallowed grounds of the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills.

Flushing Meadow is barely a topspin lob over the delicatessens from Forest Hills, so of course there is no meadow. (There was no forest and no hills at the

tournament's old home, either.) But what with large, open plazas, scattered groves of sycamores, wide walkways and the towering eight-story Louis Armstrong Stadium seating 20,000, Flushing Meadow seemed to have solved the problem posed by Forest Hills' small, impossibly cramped facilities. As to how the U.S. Open could possibly maintain any tradition in this bustling, noisy new site, an obscure 20-year-old South African named Johan Kriek said it all after he had won his fourth match of the tournament. "I can't believe I'm in the quarterfinals at Forest Hills," Kriek said. Kriek had never even seen Forest Hills, much less played there.

"If people want tradition, I'll plant some ivy," said USTA President Slew Hester, the man most responsible for the transformation of the Open. And with that, Slew did. Right out in the middle of the main plaza in a container that suspiciously resembled a garbage can.

Hester's memorial garden would have received far more attention from players and spectators alike if they had not been so preoccupied with calming senses constantly battered by the rumbling of the Long Island Rail Road, the screeching of New York subways and the roar of planes arriving and departing from nearby LaGuardia Airport. When all of these noises converged at once, center court sounded like a pit stop at the Indianapolis 500. "Once I thought a plane was going to land on the court," said Rejean Genois, a Canadian player. "I threw the ball up to serve and it never came down.

The ball must still be in the wheels."

Other players were not as bothered because, as defending champion Guillermo Vilas noted, "the noise, it is a constant." The Open's switch of surface to Deco-Turf II, the speed of which allegedly was somewhere between the clay-like composition of Forest Hills and the concrete of an interstate highway, was another matter.

This being the U.S. championship, the USTA polled U.S. players as to their desired surface before the Open changed sites. The overwhelming choice was asphalt, which is similar to what most Americans grew up playing on. What everybody got was a hard, slick court predictably advantageous to serve-and-volley specialists. However, it turned out to be faster and harder than anyone suspected.

The European clay-court aficionados complained early and often. Marcelo Orantes defaulted in the first round, while Corrado Barazzutti of Italy said, "These courts are —" after he was bounced out in the second. Many foreign players threatened not to return unless the surface was made slower. But as Victor Amaya, the "Incredible Hulk" from Highland, Mich., said, "Let them go. We don't ask anybody to speed up the clay in Europe. Why shouldn't we play on a fast surface at home?"

Borg himself kept saying that the court was too fast, that he needed more than 10 days to get used to it. Then he would amble out in his howlegged way and drill holes in the asphalt with his enormous service. It should be noted that Borg always complains about the grass at Wimbledon, too, and every mother's double-fisted son knows what he has done there.

If some early-round matches didn't prove that Deco-Turf II afforded plenty of opportunities for long rallies, exciting points and admirable shotmaking—namely, Yrvis Gerasim's 6-2, 6-7, 6-3 struggle over Amaya and the three-set escapes of Borg and Connors from the clutches of Bernie Minton and Pat DuPre, respectively—then the Labor Day night classic between Vilas and harpoka-serving Butch Walts surely did. Consider this:

- Walts, a tall Californian ranked 54th on the ATP computer, whose temper routinely out-feroces his serve, rocketed 11 aces and 35 service winners even though Vilas wanted to receive some 20 feet behind the baseline.

- Vilas stretched his soft-court game

Borg's grand vision of the Grand Slam vanished when he was dismantled by Jimbo in straight sets.





Break young John McEnroe left to Connors two-listed onslaught in the semifinal round

to the outer limits by coming back from two sets behind and by saving a match point in the fourth set with an extraordinary lunging backhand volley winner off his shoe tops.

- The match lasted 4 hours and 11 minutes, with Walts and Vilas disdaining quick points in favor of trading topspin bolo punches from their respective baselines.

- In the course of the evening Walts' father, Ken, climbed into the players' box and warned Vilas' coach, Ion Tiriac, about the new, never-enforced "no coaching" rule. The two exchanged angry words, after which Walts Sr. took a position two seats from Tiriac and stared him down the rest of the night as, on the court, a puzzled Vilas searched in vain for his coach's signals.

- After he had surrendered his title, 6-4, 7-6, 4-6, 6-7, 6-2, just before midnight, Vilas walked away, painfully concerned about the direction of his career. "This is new kind of game," he said, "I don't know, I have to change. But what is the price?"

Tournament scalpers could have charged any price for the second breathtaking match of the week. Or rather, for the single most breathtaking shot of any week, a stroke of manufactured genius that James Scott Connors happened to pull off just in time to defeat *La Dolce Vita* himself, Adriano Panatta, 4-6, 6-4, 6-1, 1-6, 7-5.

The situation was this. After Connors had blocked back approximately 486 of his opponent's oppressive serves and overheads; after Panatta had forgotten about Queens groupies or pizza parlors or whatever it is that normally causes him to play like a zombie on American courts; after he twice went ahead a break in the fifth set and served for the match at 5-4; after a screaming and strutting Jimbo positively lathered two winning returns to break back, tie the match and then hold serve to go ahead 6-5; after all this, they came to sundown.

In the 12th game, Panatta fell behind 0-40, triple match point. But he saved two of them and then—whap!—he burned in a second serve that Connors couldn't handle. Again it was tied, and again Panatta faltered. Match point No. 4. This one Panatta saved with a ferocious ace.

After two more deuces it happened. Panatta thought he had ended a wondrous rally with a crosscourt volley that went bounding at least 10 feet out. But Connors scrambled desperately after the ball, caught up, reached behind him and somehow managed to rip a rare one-handed backhand on the run around the net post and inches inside the sideline. On the next point Panatta double-faulted to lose the match.

The brilliant save not only lifted Connors over his toughest hurdle on the way to Borg, but it also inspired him to grant

an audience to the press, those low-life sleazes whom Connors had sworn not to recognize for the duration of the tournament. Except for witnessing—and reporting—the charming Jimbo dropping his pants in front of 150 spectators in a practice session, the Fourth Estate had been rendered wordless for two weeks while Connors rushed with his lackeys from the court to a waiting limousine and disappeared into Manhattan.

Following his survival against Panatta, however, Connors relented. "That's as good a match as I can play," he said. "The backhand? I knew I'd get to it but I didn't know what I could do with it. It almost took the net judge's head off. I'm fired up. I've been fired up all summer [his match record up to the final was 38-11]. They're going to have to take this one away from me. They all know that."

That they all did, too. Brian Gottfried, who had not lost a set while cruising through the toughest quarter of the draw, and John McEnroe, the precocious punk next door who had disposed of an exhausted Walts, both collapsed in straight sets before the Connors onslaught in the quarters and semis. Said Gottfried, "Fighting Ali might be tougher."

Meanwhile, Borg was first toying with and then destroying Raul Ramirez, 6-7, 6-4, 6-4, 6-0, and Gerulaitis, 6-3, 6-2, 7-6, in his warmups for the final.

"The way I was today I would beat 50 other players," said Ramirez, "but I cannot beat this guy." Then he thought a minute. "Bjorn may be breakable here because of his doubts about the surface," he said. "If Jimmy gets on top of him, Bjorn may say to himself he can't play on this court."

Whether Borg's self-doubts plagued him, whether his thumb pained him; whether the fleet of airplanes that roared over the stadium every 30 seconds disturbed his concentration—all these seemed moot points in the darkness of Borg's bloody Sunday.

To celebrate Connors' fifth straight year in the finals of the Open—and his third victory—Jimbo simply played the kind of game he had invented back in 1974.

"I played like that. Yeah, like a crazy man," said the new Jimbo. "Now I've won this tournament on three different surfaces. It feels good to know I can still play like No. 1."

He meant just like the old Jimbo.

CONTINUED

SHE WAS A 12-DAY WONDER

But in a rousing final, Chris Evert, at 23 an old pro, awakened 16-year-old Pam Shriver from a sweet, dazzling dream

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

"And even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders."

—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

Like Lewis Carroll's heroine, Pam Shriver was not quite right to wander about among those beds of bright flowers in Wonderland—too tall at six feet, too young at 16, and too often beaten by Tracy Austin. But last week at the U.S. Open, she was just the right size, and so many extraordinary things happened that she began to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

Before the 13-day tournament, everyone conceded that Martina Navratilova and Chris Evert would meet in the finals, continuing a series that surely would run until the 15-year-old Austin outgrew her giggle. "You have no right to be here!" the Dormouse told Alice. "Don't talk nonsense," said Pam Shriver, who then went out and beat the top-seeded Navratilova in the semifinals on Friday to become the youngest ever to play for the championship. Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly was nearly 10 months older when she won the title in 1951.

Shriver's spunky 7-6, 7-6 triumph in a pair of anxious tie breakers had the crowd jumping about like Mad Hatters. The victory meant more than a teen-ager ousting the world's top-ranked woman player. It indicated that Shriver had moved out from under the shadow cast by Austin, who has whipped her in all of their nine meetings in the Juniors. Throughout the tournament the 16th-seeded Shriver toppled her more established rivals as if they were nothing more

than playing cards, getting all of her wits in straight sets.

But of course it ended, as all dreams must, in the finals on Sunday when, just as in Alice's *Adventures in Wonderland*, the sentence was in before the verdict. No one thought the high school student from the Baltimore suburb of Luthersville had a chance against Evert, the Queen who had lopped off the heads of so many rivals. And indeed Evert became the first woman since Helen Jacobs (1932-35) to win four straight U.S. championships, dispatching Shriver 7-5, 6-4.

The quality of the match was superb—Evert's precision against the youngster's power. Shriver had her chances, most notably in the first set, but Evert never wavered; she said later that she felt extremely confident. As the match continued, Chris slowly increased the depth and pace of her shots and sharpened the angles, and on occasion she even came to the net, usually an unfamiliar area to her.

Shriver was worried that she might be embarrassed if she tried to rally from the baseline with the expert Evert, so Pam rushed in whenever possible. Forty-five times she charged in behind approach shots, and she won 18 points, almost thiertry, because the baseline is where Evert lives. All told, Chris hit 24 winners with her groundstrokes, Pam only

two, but the youngster pressed Chris with her serve: three aces, six service winners and a court full of winning volleys. "She stayed cool," noted Evert.

Except for a few fatal moments. After all, the defending champion was playing a 16-year-old girl who counts among her biggest moments the recent acquisition of a driver's license. Evert took the lead at 6-5 in the first set when Shriver netted a backhand volley, then served out the set.

The difference was that Evert now was playing from ahead. In the second set they twice traded service breaks, but Shriver blew a 40-love lead in the ninth game and eventually lost it to trail 5-4. In the next game she saved a couple of match points, but after an exchange at the net, Evert cracked a forehand down the line that Shriver could only neck with her racket, and it was over.

But there are no old phenomena, and Chris Evert must be feeling cautious and curious, because at 23 she is still young but too old to be a prodigy. By any calculation, her drive toward yet another Open title, and her bid to reclaim her top ranking from Navratilova and avenge her Wimbledon defeat should have captivated the audience, instead she was cast as the heavy in her match against Shriver, as she was in her earlier meeting with Austin, a 7-5, 6-1 victim in the

Evert coolly swept to her record-tying fourth Open championship without the loss of a single set



quarterfinals. In Evert's other matches, opponents crumbled in the face of her cool efficiency; she was never threatened. The audience applauded as it might have while watching the millionth Chevrolet roll off the assembly line. Against Wendy Turnbull in the semis, for instance, Evert needed only 48 minutes to win 6-3, 6-0. The match was interrupted in the middle of the first set and was completed the next day. "It was more fun when I was coming up," sighed Evert. "Tennis is a business, Pam and Tracy will learn that someday."

Evert invited a friend from Phoenix, Brenda Bracklin, to visit New York so she would have someone to talk to, and for entertainment she went to see the Broadway show, *Boyz n the City*. Still, she said that she was happy as a challenger, enthusiastic in a way she never could be when she was No. 1. As for the indifferent crowds, "I'm used to it now," she said.

More than anyone at the U.S. Open, Evert had reason to complain about the change from clay to a hard surface, because she had not lost a set on clay since 1975 nor a match on the soft stuff since August of 1973. Typically, she did not complain. During the early rounds Evert might have been a bit apprehensive as Navratilova, who had won their last two matches, stormed through opponents with her powerful serve and volley game, losing only 15 games in eight sets. Navratilova appeared unbeatable, but on Friday morning, shortly before she took the court against Shriver, her friend and mentor, former golfer Sandra Haynes, was not too sure. "She's tired mentally," said Haynes.

For her part, Shriver appeared a lamb ready to be taken. During practice and matches she kept up a constant stream of mild imprecations and self-rebuke over mistakes, and while warming up on a field court with her Aussie coach, Don Candy, she flung her racket away in disgust over an inability to serve properly. Candy rushed to offer counsel.

A 49-year-old former Ditsy Cup player and a disciple of the rigorous training methods of Harry Hopman, Candy has toughened his protégée so that, while Austin appears to be a young 15, Shriver is a baby-faced killer. "When Pam punts it all together," says Candy, "she'll be the best in the world."

And for a day she was. Although she

is gangly and slight, most of Shriver's 145 pounds is muscle, built from Candy's fatiguing drills and weightlifting. She is no frail child. "When I look across the net, I look up," said Navratilova when asked if she felt compassion playing a young girl.

Shriver's game is composed of two parts: the first, an attacking serve and volley that could become the best in tennis; the second, a patient vigil from the baseline, waiting for the short ball that allows her to rush the net. She uses an oversized Prince racket, waving it about as if it were a giant paddle, and in the semis she made only two unforced errors at the net while cracking off 13 winners, including five aces, with her slice serve that put added strain on Martina's already sore left shoulder.

Shriver broke Navratilova twice, once in each set, but each time Martina broke back in the next game. Then Alice became just the right size. In the first set she saved four set points, two each in the 10th and 12th games, when she could have collapsed, and forced a tie breaker. Thus she won 7-5 when Navratilova netted a volley after Pam hit a precise backhand down the line, following a style Candy teaches. "She goes for winners," he says. "There's been too much of that 'safe' stuff in women's tennis."

As the match continued, Shriver's serve grew stronger, and Navratilova became edgy. And, when it came down to what Navratilova calls "the crunch time,"—the second tie breaker—Martina's serve needed a gyroscope, while Shriver blasted away. The end came when Pam charged the net and a pressured Navratilova sailed a backhand long to lose the tie breaker 7-3.

"I'm sick of tennis," Martina said later. And of little kids, Tracy Austin had ended Martina's 57-match winning streak earlier this year. "Everybody said, 'She'll choke. She'll choke.' But she didn't."

Shriver's victory was particularly satisfying because Austin was sitting in a court-side box. Early this year, Shriver playfully called Austin, "a little twerp," which Tracy repaid by going bananas whenever she beat her. At the conclusion of her match with Martina, Shriver made a point of not displaying any emotion. "I didn't want to be like some people," she said pointedly.

She told the press corps that she is a



Shriver swinging a big racket toward a big future

distant cousin of Sargent Shriver's, that she likes Mexican food and country music, and that "I just think of myself as somebody going to be No. 1 eventually." Muttered Candy, who has been displeased with her recent antics. "Her attitude has been lousy."

If this sounds as if Shriver is another of those spotted tennis brats, nothing is farther from the truth. She is refreshing, as when she points out that another tall 'un, golfer Carol Mann, was raised in the neighboring suburb of Towson, Md., and muses that there "must be something in the water." And she is bright. She calls herself a "rare A" student, but she is combining her junior and senior years at McDonogh High School in Baltimore.

When Evert not so rudely awakened her, Shriver might have exclaimed, as Alice did, "Oh, I've had a curious dream." She was no longer in Wonderland, but she had learned that few things indeed were really impossible.

END

THIS OILER'S A GUSHER OF A RUSHER

Super rookie Earl Campbell, who leads the AFC in rushing with 248 yards, rallied Houston to victory at Kansas City

by RON REID

Earl Campbell had just rushed for 111 yards and scored two fourth-quarter touchdowns to rally the Houston Oilers to a 20-17 victory over the Kansas City Chiefs last Sunday at Arrowhead Stadium, and now he was once again being asked the one question that forever does Heisman Trophy winners and NFL No. 1 draft choices, of which Campbell is both. "Uh, say, Earl, how have you been handling all the media attention you've been getting?"

If Campbell had not been Earl Campbell, he might well have said, "Listen, right off I want you guys to know that the name is Camp-bell now, not Campbell. You hear? And as for your question, I love the attention. I deserve it, too. When's the last time a rookie broke with 137 and 111 yards rushing in his first two games? So far this league's a piece of cake."

But that's not Earl Campbell from Tyler, Texas, old huddy. Here's what Earl Campbell from Tyler, Texas said: "When you guys leave, I'm going to get on the bus and just be like everybody else. Another guy wants to be a big shot, that may be him. This is me. I think the whole key is to just be yourself."

Houston Coach Bum Phillips will gladly take Campbell as he is, which is 5' 11", 224 pounds and blue chip all the way. On the Oilers' sixth play from scrimmage in their season opener two weeks ago, against Atlanta, which they lost 20-14, Campbell took a short pass from Quarterback Dan Pastorini while still in the backfield and burst 73 yards for a touchdown. No Falcon touched him.

The statisticians credited Campbell with a 73-yard pass reception. However, NFL film reviewers discovered that Pastorini had passed the ball back, not forward, thus making the play a lateral. As a result, those 73 yards were moved from the pass-yardage column to the rush-

yardage column. And instead of being in seventh place in the AFC rushing race with 64 yards in 14 carries—which wasn't all that bad, either, for a rookie—Campbell suddenly was No. 1 with 137 yards in 15 carries.

It was not that 73-yard run or another bolt of 25 yards that most impressed Phillips, however. What brought a shine to the coach's cowboy boots was a momentous gain of two yards. "Our films showed that the Atlanta linebacker got to Earl the same time the ball did," Phillips says, "and that he hit Earl high and hit him flush. Anybody else probably would have lost yardage on that play. It was one heck of a two-yard run."

At Kansas City last Sunday, Campbell had only 63 yards going into the fourth quarter and the Oilers were trailing 17-6. But then he went to work. Campbell racked up 48 yards on eight carries and scored his two touchdowns, the first from a yard out and the game winner from two yards away with 1:53 left to play.

With Campbell at his disposal, Pastorini wisely kept the Oilers strictly on the ground for the nine-play, 65-yard drive to the winning touchdown. Campbell ignited the drive by sweeping the left side for 22 yards, giving Houston a first down at the Kansas City 43. Then he went right for six yards, right again for three more and straight up the middle for another eight. Five plays later he shot over left guard for the score.

"To appreciate Campbell," Phillips says, "you've got to give him the hall 20, 25 times a game. He's the kind of guy who doesn't let up. He'll turn a four-yard run into a 12, or a one-yarder into a four, which is a heck of an accomplishment in this league. I think most of his yardage in college was made after he got hit. Most backs, you block two yards for them and that's what they'll make. But you block two yards for Earl and he'll get

four. Do that three times and you've got a first down."

With 248 yards rushing and three touchdowns in two games, Campbell already is paying handsome dividends for the Oilers, who gave Tampa Bay four draft choices and promising Tight End Jimmy Giles in exchange for the rights to Campbell, and then signed the University of Texas star to a six-year contract for a reported \$1.4 million.

"He's done everything we expected," Phillips said after the Chiefs game. "He blocked extremely well today. Tim Wilson had some good runs because of Earl's blocking. Earl curried the ball well, played well in the clutch and his endurance was excellent. He took a lot of tough hits, but there were a few of them he hit who got up slow, too." On one play, Campbell collided with Chief Linebacker Thomas Howard, and for a moment it seemed he would be taking his first trip on an NFL stretcher. But Campbell left the field under his own power, and two plays later he was back in the lineup.

"When you get someone with Campbell's kind of ability and attitude, you've really got something," Phillips says. "You don't get a chance to get very many kids like him, and if you can get one, he can be the difference over the next five years. He can put this club over the hump."

Sure. Bum, but isn't there something the kid does that bothers you? Does he take up two spaces when he parks his car? Does he snore? Well, if Phillips hasn't found any fault in his rookie, one Houston official has. "I don't think Earl liked that singing hit at training camp very much," the man says, referring to that ritual in which the rookies have to get up and sing their school song. "Earl somehow found a back door out of the dining hall, and he was usually the first in line to eat and the first to leave." One day the veterans caught Campbell as he tried to sneak out the door, and he serenaded them with a song about Mamas, babies and cowboys.

So Campbell doesn't like *The Eyes of Texas*. Big deal. As Offensive Back Coach Andy Borggions says, he's still "a real pleasure to be with. You know what he reminds me of? A Sunday morning. Just an easy Sunday morning."

Campbell may give Houston some easy Sunday afternoons, too.

END



Campbell tore through and around the Browns for 111 yards and scored both of Houston's fourth-quarter touchdowns in the 20-17 triumph

The man had on a gray Brooks Brothers suit, which made him look for all the world as if he were Harvard '44, and he was leaning over the railing of the box next to the Red Sox dugout. "Zimmer!" he screamed, but Don Zimmer just stared dead ahead. The score at that point in last Friday night's game was 13-0 in favor of the Yankees, and except to change pitchers a few times the Red Sox manager hadn't moved in three hours. He had stared as Mickey Rivers stood on third just two pitches into the game. He had stared as, for the second straight night, a Yankee batter got his third hit before Boston's ninth hitter, Butch Hobson, even got to the plate. He had stared as the Red Sox made seven errors. And now he stared as the man kept screaming his name.

"I've been a Red Sox fan for 20 years," the man hollered. "A diehard Red Sox fan. I've put up with a lot of heartaches. But this time you've really done it. This time my heart's been broken for good." Finally Zimmer looked up, just as security guards hauled the man away.

From Eastport to Block Island, New Englanders were screaming mad. Only a couple of weeks before, the Red Sox had been baseball's one sure thing, but now

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

The Red Sox, once 14 games up on the Yankees, saw their lead shot down by New York's murderous play and their own killing errors by **PETER GAMMONS**

Fenway Park was like St. Petersburg in the last days of *Cas* Nicholas. Back in July, when Billy Martin sat all in the Yankee manager's office and New York was in the process of falling 14 games behind the Sox, Reggie Jackson had said, "Not even Alvin Karpis can catch them." But by late last Sunday afternoon, when the 1978 version of the Boston Massacre concluded with New York's fourth win in a row over the Red Sox, the Yankees had caught them. And the Yanks had gained a tie for first in the American League East in such awesome fashion—winning 16 of their last 18, including the lopsided victories that comprised the Massacre—that Saturday night a New Yorker named Dick Waterman walked into a Cambridge bar, announced, "For the first time a first-place team has been mathematically eliminated," and held up a sign that read, NY 35-49-4, BOS 5-16-11. Those figures were the combined line score of last weekend's first three games. The disparity between those sets of numbers, as much as the losses themselves, was what so deeply depressed Red Sox fans. "It's 1929 all over again," mourned Robert Crane, treasurer of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Red Sox and Yankees began their two-city, seven-game, 11-day showdown in Boston last Thursday—it will continue with three games this weekend in New York—and it quickly became apparent that this confrontation would be quite different from their six-game shoot-out in late June and early July. On that occasion the Red Sox had beaten the Yanks four times and opened up a lead that appeared insurmountable. Back then the Yankees had so few healthy bodies that Catcher Thurman Munson was trying to become a rightfielder, and one day a minor league pitcher named Paul Semall drove from West Haven, Conn., to Boston to throw batting practice. Had the New York boys liked the way he threw, Semall would have stayed with the Yankees and become a starter. By midnight Semall was driving back to West Haven, and soon thereafter injuries became so rife among New York pitchers that re-

serve First Baseman Jim Spivey was warming up in the bullpen.

Rivers, the centerfielder and key to the Yankee offense, had a broken wrist. Both members of the double-play combination, Willie Randolph and Bucky Dent, were injured and out of the lineup. To complete the up-the-middle collapse, Munson was playing—sometimes behind the plate and sometimes in right—with a bad leg, and the pitching staff had been reduced to Gong Show contestants. Paul Semall got gonged. Dave Rajish got gonged. Larry McCall got gonged. Calfish Hunter, Ed Figueroa, Dick Tidrow, Ken Clay, Andy Messersmith and Don Guillen were all hurt or soon to be injured. Only the brilliant Ron Gaudry stayed healthy. Almost singlehandedly he kept the bottom from falling out during July and early August.

Then, as the regulars gradually began getting back into the lineup, the blow-up between owner George Steinbrenner and Martin occurred. Martin resigned on July 24, and the next day Bob Lemon, who had recently been canned by the White Sox, took over. "The season starts today," Lemon told the Yankees. "Go have some fun." Considering the disarray in New York during the preceding year and a half, that seemed a bit much to ask. So was catching Boston. No American League team had ever changed managers in midseason and won a championship. "Under Lemon we became a completely different team," says Spivey. "If Martin were still here we wouldn't be," snaps one player. "We'd have quit. Rivers and Jackson couldn't play for him. But Lemon gave us a fresh spirit. We kept playing. We looked up, and Boston was right in front of us." The fact that a suddenly revived Hunter had won six straight, that Figueroa had regained health and happiness, that Tidrow had again become hale and that rookie rightfielder Jim Beuthe had returned from the minors with his self-confidence restored didn't hurt.

And while the Yankees arrived in Boston 30-13 under Lemon and 35-14 since July 17—the night they fell 14 games be-



In the series' biggest play Pamela killed

hind—the Red Sox had been stumbling. They were 25–24 since July 17. Their 39-year-old leader, Carl Yastrzemski, had suffered back and shoulder ailments in mid-July, and then he pulled ligaments in his right wrist that left him taped up and in and out of the lineup. He had hit three homers in two months. Second Baseman Jerry Remy fractured a bone in his left wrist on Aug. 25 and had not appeared in the lineup thereafter.

Catcher Carlton Fisk had been playing with a cracked rib, which he said made him feel as if "someone is sticking a sword in my side" every time he threw. Third Baseman Butch Hobson has cartilage and ligament damage in both knees and bone chips in his right elbow. The chips are so painful that one night he had to run off the field during infield practice, his elbow had locked up on him. When New York came to town, he had a major league-leading 38 errors, most of them the result of bad throws made with his bad arm. Right-fielder Dwight Evans had been benched on Aug. 29 and was experiencing dizziness whenever he ran. Reliever Bill Campbell, who had 31 saves and 13

wins in 1977, had suffered from elbow and shoulder soreness all season.

The injuries tended to dampen Boston's already erratic, one-dimensional offense, which relies too heavily on power hitting even when everyone is healthy. They also ruined the Sox defense, which had been the facet of play most responsible for giving the Red Sox a 10-game lead over their nearest challenger, Milwaukee, on July 8. No wonder the pitching went sour, with Mike Torrez going 4–4 since the All-Star game, Luis Tiant 3–7 since June 24 and Bill Lee 0–7 since July 15. And as Boston awaited its confrontation with the Yankees, it lost three out of five to Toronto and Oakland and two of three in Baltimore. The Sox' only lift came on Wednesday's 2–0 win over the Orioles. Tiant pitched a two-hitter that night, and Yaz, his wrist looking like a mummy's, hit a two-run homer. It was one of only two hits the Sox got off Dennis Martinez.

As play began Thursday night at Fenway Park, the Red Sox lead had dwindled to four games with 24 to play. "We'll be happy with a split," Lemon said. By 9:05 p.m. Friday—during the third in-

ning of Game 2—Lemon turned to Pitching Coach-Scout Clyde King and said, "New I'll only be happy with three out of four." Right about then *The Washington Post's* Tom Boswell was writing his lead "But, for details, see yesterday's paper." The details were downright embarrassing to the Red Sox.

The embarrassments had begun with a Hobson error in the first inning Thursday. Then a Munson single. And a Jackson single. Zap, the Yankees had two unearned runs. After giving up four straight singles to start the second inning, Torrez went to the showers. Munson had three hits—and the Yankees seven runs—before Hobson got his first at bat in the bottom of the third. After the seventh inning someone in the press box looked up at the New York line on the scoreboard—2–3–2–5–0–1–0—and dialed the number. It was disconnected. When the game ended, the Yankees had 21 hits and a 15–3 victory.

New York's joy was tempered by two injuries. Hunter left the game with a pulled groin muscle in the fourth, too soon to get the victory, though the Yanks were leading 12–0. "The bullpen phone

continued



a pop to right where Duffly, Burlington. Yaz, Rice, Lynn gave chase. It fell among them, and Duffly's throw in could not stop the go-ahead run from scoring.



This was the week when Zimmet got zipped

Gundry held the Sox hitless for 8½ innings



BOSTON MASSACRE continued

rang and six of us fought to answer it," said Clay, who won the phone call and the game. Hunter, it turned out, would probably miss only one start. In the sixth inning Marston was beaten by Dick Drago. Though dizzy, Marston said he would be behind the plate Friday. "He smells blood," Jackson said.

The next night the Yankees not only drained Marston's blood but also its dignity. Rivers hit rookie Right-hander Jim Wright's first pitch past First Baseman George Scott into rightfield. On the second pitch he stole second and cruised on into third as Fisk's throw bounced away from Shortstop Rick Burleson. Wright had thrown two pitches, and Rivers was peering at him from third base. Wright went on to get four outs, one more than Torrez had, he was relieved after allowing four runs. His replacement, Tom Burgmeier, immediately gave up a single and walk before surrendering a mighty home run by Jackson.

Beattie, who in his Fenway appearance in June had been knocked out in the third inning and optioned to Tacoma in the sixth, retired 18 in a row in one stretch, while the Red Sox self-destructed in the field. Evans, who had not dropped a fly in his first 5½ years in the majors, dropped his second one of the week and had to leave the game. "I can't look up or down without getting dizzy," he said. Fisk had two throws bounce away for errors. Rivers hit a routine ground ball to Scott in the third and beat Scott to the bag, making him 3 for 3 before Hobson ever got up. The game ended with a 13-2 score and the seven Red Sox errors.

"I can't believe what I've been seeing," said King, who has watched about 40 Red Sox games this season. "I could understand if an expansion team fell apart like that, but Boston's got the best record in baseball. It can't go on." On Saturday afternoon Gundry took his 20-2 record to the mound. It went on.

This was to be the showdown of the ages. Dennis Ekersley, 16-6, was 9-0 in Fenway and had not been knocked out before the fifth inning all season. He had beaten the Yankees three times in a 12-day stretch earlier in the year. When he blew a third strike past Jackson to end the bottom of the first, he had done what Torrez and Wright had not been able to do—shut the Yankees out in the first inning.

"It looked like it was going to be a

40 game, what with the wind blowing in and Ekersley looking like he'd put us back together," said Zimmet. After Burleson led off Boston's first with a single, Fred Lynn bunted Gundry, who could have cut down Burleson at second, hesitated and ended up throwing to first. Then Dent bobbled Jim Rice's grounder in the hole for an infield single. Two on. But Gundry hustled firstballs on the hands of Yastrzemski and Fisk, getting them out on a weak grounder and called third strike, respectively. Despite leadoff walks in the next two Boston at bats, the Sox hitters were finished for the day. Rice's grounder would be their second and last hit of the afternoon.

Yastrzemski seemed to hit his catatonic team in the fourth with a roasting, leaping catch on the dead run that he turned into a double play. But three batters later, with two on and two out, all that Yaz and Ekersley had done to heighten Boston's morale unraveled when Lou Panella shed a pop fly into the gale in right center.

"It must have blown a hundred feet across, like a Frisbee coming back," says Ekersley. Lynn came in a few steps but he had no chance. Burleson made chase from shortstop, Scott took off from first. The ball was out of reach of both. Rice, who was playing near the warning track on right, could not get there. Frank Duffy, the second baseman, did, but when he turned and looked up into the sun he lost sight of the ball. It landed in front of him. It was 1-0. After an intentional walk to Graig Nettles, Dent dunked a two-strike pitch into left for two more runs. "That broke my back," said Ekersley. By the time the inning had ended, Ekersley was gone. There had been another walk, an error, a wild pitch and a passed ball. Seven runs had scored. "This is the first time I've seen a first-place team chasing a second-place team," said NBC's Tony Kubek.

Gundry had not only become the second lefthander to pitch a complete game against the Red Sox in Fenway all season, but also was the first lefty to shut them out at home since 1974. "Pitchers are afraid to pitch inside here," he said. "But that's where you've got to."

The victory brought Gundry's record to 21-2, his earned run average to 1.77 and his strikeouts to 220; it also brought the New York staff's ERA to 2.07 over the last 26 games. "They must be cheating," said Lynn. "Those aren't the same

continued

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A color photograph of a man and a young man walking on a paved path in a park. The man on the left is older, with dark hair, wearing a light-colored zip-up jacket over a collared shirt and dark trousers. The young man on the right is wearing a dark varsity jacket with patches, a light blue t-shirt, and blue jeans. They are both looking towards the right. The background is a lush green park with trees and grass.

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Yankees we saw before. I think George Steinbrenner used his clone money. I think those were Yankee clones out there from teams of the past."

"These guys are—I hope you understand how I use the word—nasty," said Jackson. "This is a pro's game, and this team is loaded with professionals. Tough guys. Nasty."

"This is two years in a row we've finished like this, so it must say something about the team's character," Tidrow said. Before Lemon took over, the only times the word "character" was used in the Yankee clubhouse it was invariably followed by the word "assassination."

With the 7-0 loss figured in, the Red Sox had lost eight out of 10. In those games they had committed 24 errors good for 20 unearned runs. Twice popouts to shallow right had dropped, leading to two losses and 10 earned runs.

Tiant had been the only starting pitcher to win. Evans, Scott, Hobson and Jack Brohamer, who most of the time were the bottom four in the batting order, were 12 for 123—or .098. "How can a team get 30-something games over .500 in July and then in September see its pitching, hitting and fielding all fall apart at the same time?" wondered Fisk.

After being bombarded in the first three games, all that the Red Sox could come up with in their effort to prevent the Yankees from gaining a first-place tie on Sunday was rookie left-hander Bobby Sprowl. In June, while the Sox were beating the Yankees, Sprowl was pitching for the Bristol Red Sox against the West Haven Yankees.

Clearly he was not ready for their New York namesakes. He began by walking Rivers and Willie Randolph, lasted only two-thirds of an inning and was charged with three runs. The most damaging blow came after Sprowl gave way to reliever Bob Stanley, who promptly yielded a single to Nettles that drove in two runners whom Sprowl had allowed to reach base. The Yankees would build a 6-0 bulge before costing to an 18-hit, 7-4 victory. Suddenly New York not only had a psychological edge on the Red Sox, but it also had pulled even with them in the standings.

"It's never easy to win a pennant," said Yazstrzemski. "We've got three weeks to play. We've got three games in Yankee Stadium next weekend. Anything can happen." He stared into his locker. Anything already had.

END

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THE BIG WIND IN CHICAGO

White Sox announcer Harry Caray, a fan's fan, has swept the Windy City by storm, stirring things up on the airwaves and on State Street

by RON FIMRITE

It was the shunk of a summer evening in Chicago—and Harry Caray, the inimitable White Sox broadcaster, was sauntering up State Street sipping a banana daiquiri. Harry's wee-hours constitutionals, particularly those undertaken in the drinking quarter where State and Rush streets converge, have become the occasion for impromptu civic celebrations. Hordes of revelers trail him along the streets, shouting, "Hey, Harry," or chanting his name, "Har-ree . . . Har-ree." Cabdrivers stall traffic to hail him. Barflies press against dusty windows seeking a glimpse of him. "Hey, Harry" is a cry strangers to the Windy City hear about as often in the witching hours as they expect to hear "stuck 'em up."

In the face of such adulation, Harry exhibits a generosity of spirit common only to those who know they deserve the best. He stops to chat and sign autographs. His manner is engaging, familiar: "Heya, sweetheart. . . Whuddya say, pal?" Earlier in the evening, Harry had hit a couple of spots, and in each he was accorded the sort of welcome John Travolta might receive should he appear in the girls' locker room of a small-town junior

high school. "Hey, Harry!" "You're the greatest, Harry!" "Hey, Harry, say hello to the people of the world." This had been a day like any other in his life, which is to say, utterly chaotic, a continuing test of his pluck and durability.

Harry had arisen brightly that morning after a revivifying four hours of sleep. He placed a call to Jon Matlack, the Texas Ranger pitcher, identifying himself as Brad Corbett to the hotel operator when informed that Mr. Matlack was not in his room. It is Harry's conviction that even baseball players will return telephone calls if the caller is someone of recognizable financial clout, and Corbett is the principal owner of the Texas baseball team. Harry wanted to discuss with Matlack some intemperate remarks the pitcher had made to the press, to the effect that Harry should be "killed" or, at minimum, have "his lights punched out" for saying on the air that the tumultuous booing Matlack's teammate, Richie Zisk, had received from Chicago fans was richly merited.

Zisk, a White Sox player last year, had himself been critical of Chicago fans, a sin in Harry's eyes comparable to de-

nouncing the game itself. Matlack returned the call and Harry said he would see him in the visitors' clubhouse at Comiskey Park that evening. There Harry found Matlack to be more contrite than murderous. Zisk was less conciliatory, but he concluded a protracted harangue ambiguously by insisting, "You say anything you want, Harry O.K." Harry, ever unflappable, agreed he would do just that. When the crowd booed Zisk even more ferociously that night, Harry apologized, in a way, "There must be something wrong with your television sets," he advised his listeners.

After the game, Harry had a grand time recounting these infantile confrontations in the Bards Room, Comiskey Park's press lounge, but he had tired of the subject by the time he sat down to his midnight supper at the Cafe Bohemia with a party that included his third wife, Dutchie; Fred Brezozowski, a part owner of the Sox; and restaurateur Jimmy Gallios. Dutchie (real name, Delores) is a St. Louis girl who has known Harry long enough to be more amused by his indefatigable pub-crawling than intolerant of it. She can even stay with him on the shorter stretches. Harry is a stocky man of at least 59, with curly gray hair, a florid complexion and lips that, when still, are seen to be thick. He wears enormous spectacles, which give him the aspect of a gigantic guppy. And yet his is a pleasant face, one that scores of women seem to have found agreeable.

The party at the Cafe Bohemia moved right along, largely thanks to Harry, who urged Gallios, a dark, wiry man, to recall his misadventures in pursuit of a striptease artist named Justa Dream. It was for love of the ravishing Justa, lamented Gallios, that he purchased the disreputable cocktail lounge in the old Hotel Majestic where she performed. It was not, he said, a prudent investment, particularly after the place nearly burned down when a customer threw a monkey into the light fixtures in back of the bar.

Later, Harry deposited a mildly protesting Dutchie—"Harry, don't you ever give up?"—in their apartment in the Ambassador East Hotel and set off on his

continued

Announcing from the bleachers on a Saturday afternoon, Caray leads his admirers in song.



rounds. His last stop was the Hootie Tootie Club on Division near State, where he was literally served one for the road. Normally a Scotch, vodka or beer man, Harry favors a banana daiquiri as a nightcap, and since it was closing time at the Hootie Tootie and he is, after all, Harry, he was allowed to transport the confection with him from the premises.

He was walking and sipping and talking with a companion when he was approached on State Street by two professional women, who embarked upon a familiar spiel. There were lamentations over the plight of the lonely middle-aged man and pointed suggestions as to how this deplorable state might, for one evening at least, be alleviated. The conversation had not gone far when one of the women stopped abruptly in mid-pitch. "Hey," she chirped, "you're Harry Caray, aren't you?" Harry cheerfully confirmed his identity. "How 'bout that," the woman said to her co-worker. "Harry Caray." A somewhat restructured conversation ensued, much of it pertaining to baseball. Harry complimented the women on their pleasing appearance and the eloquence of their presentation. He was a married man again, he said apologetically, so any association beyond the agreeable one they were now enjoying would be indiscreet. The women wanted no more of him, they protested, than

an autograph. Harry signed an old dance bid or something, and the women continued on their appointed rounds.

"That was nothing," said Harry. "About seven years ago my car stalled outside the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, where I used to spend a lot of time. I was sitting there, about four in the morning, cursing my bad luck, when these two guys came up to me. Each of them stuck a gun in my ribs. Hoo boy! Then one of them said, 'Hey, Harry. It's you, isn't it? What're you doing out this late?' Are you one of us? I'd been a broadcaster in St. Louis for 25 years, you know, so I was pretty well known there. Well, this guy put his gun away and we just stood there jawing about baseball. They forgot they were mugging me, and I forgot I was being mugged. We were all just fans. I signed a couple of autographs, and they took off without taking a nickel."

If nothing else, such escapes from the clutches of the lawless serve to dramatize Harry's extraordinary popularity in the communities where he broadcasts. But popularity is too pallid a word to describe Harry's relationship with his listeners. He seems to them not so much an announcer doing the old play-by-play as one of them who has somehow gained access to a microphone. His grievances, his prejudices, his obsessions are theirs. When the team is going badly, Harry

howls with despair along with them; when it is going well, he exults as they do. The fact is, Harry is a fan. He is a survivor of a time when baseball announcers were neither retired athletes nor bewigged egomaniacs but somewhat truer voices of the people.

Howard Cosell, in a typical flash of false insight, once identified Harry as a "cheerleader." He is not that at all. Fans are not cheerleaders, they are cheerers—and boosers. That is what Harry is. His is the language of the paying customer. This is not to say he is above show business. Catch phrases are part of his act—"You can't beat fun at the old bull park! Well, that's baseball. Listen to the crowd! Hol-lee Cow!" But Harry is more than a disembodied voice to White Sox fans, he is a physical presence in the ball park. He leans out of the broadcast booth to shout at friends or to join the crowd in cheers and song. He thrusts his butterfly net out in quest of foul balls. He strides through the stands before the game, shaking hands, signing autographs, slapping backs, embracing comely women. After the game, Harry is out among them, talking baseball in his favorite saloons. Four in the morning often arrives too soon for "the Mayor of Rush Street."

Harry was immensely successful as a Cardinal broadcaster from 1945 through 1969, but it is unlikely he ever had an au-

Harry now has balls and programs to autograph.



Once competitors, Ward and Caray now socialize.



dience more empathetic than the one he now enjoys. "Harry fits in with our group," says Sox President Bill Vecek. "He fits in with our philosophy and style, which is casual, even raucous. Our audience is not at all like the Cubs', which is mostly youngsters and people over 50. Ours comes from the 16-to-40 age bracket. They are as exuberant as any I've ever seen, and a great part of that is Harry. Can you envision Dodger fans standing up in the middle of a game to cheer Vin Scully the way they cheer Harry here? He says what he believes on the air, and the fans identify directly with him.

"Frankly, I hate to listen to him when we're losing because he can put the greatest degree of contempt in what he's saying. It's more than popularity. It's a matter of texture. Harry is basically one of the fans. He drinks beer with them or whatever else is available. He talks to them in saloons, which is good. But he's also a professional who does his homework. He's not merely flamboyant."

No one knows his audience better than Harry does. While interviewing Chicago Tribune sportswriter Bill Jausa recently, Harry took it upon himself to define the quintessential Sox fan: "He is a working-class guy, a guy who picks up a six-pack at a tavern before coming to the game. He's my kind of person." Comiskey Park itself has the look and feel of a neigh-

borhood tavern. It is dark and wooden and musty and cozy. There is the aroma of beer and peanuts. It is noisy, and many nights there are fights in the stands. If the stadium is a saloon, Harry is the guy sitting down at the end of the bar telling funny stories.

"The announcer is the only liaison between the people and the ball club," says Harry. "The trouble with announcers today—and heck, I can't even think of most of their names—is that they're in it just for the money. Baseball has the advantage of having a lot of games. Because of the frequency of it, it pays better than the other sports. These guys would rather be out playing golf than doing play-by-play, and the boredom comes through in their voices. My enthusiasm is just me. I'm just expressing myself, and I do have opinions. I get in trouble with players and managers that way—like the Zisk thing. The trouble with the players is they feel the fan is so dumb he won't notice their shortcomings unless an announcer calls attention to them. Well, the fan isn't that stupid. The announcer doesn't create a player's weaknesses. The only thing I ask of a player is that he complain to me personally. I always ask, 'Did you hear it?' They rarely do, you know. They get it from a wife, a girl friend, a groupie. All secondhand stuff."

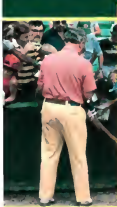
Harry can become as quickly disen-

chanted with a player as a fan can, and the miscreant can be as easily restored to his affections with good deeds. These shifts in attitude do not always sit well with players, who prefer to think of the announcers as part of the team, not part of its following. Harry's relations with former White Sox Manager Chuck Tanner also were frequently strained. Tanner not only disapproved of Harry's gibes on the air, but he also apparently chafed at the broadcaster's popularity, which far exceeded that of the manager or any of his players. In truth, a player or manager might be forgiven pangs of envy over Harry's special relationship with the fans. How often, after all, is the play-by-play announcer more popular than those whose play he is describing? In his business, Harry is an original.

He was born Harry Carabina in St. Louis and orphaned at nine. An aspiring athlete, he turned to broadcasting games instead of playing them after high school and survived for 25 years as the voice of the Cardinals. Then, after the 1969 season, his contract was not renewed by team owner August A. Busch Jr. It was a shocker, and unseemly rumor followed Harry's fall from grace. It was said he was playing fast and loose with a young woman who had married into the Busch clan, thereby impeding the marriage. Rakehell Harry declined to comment on

continued

At Comiskey Park, a customer gets a shave with his soap.



Sox fans are head over heels about Harry.



No wonder bleachers are Harry's favorite fans.

such tawdry allegations, except to say, "I'd rather have people believing the rumor and have my middle-aged ego inflated than deny it and keep my job."

Harry's popularity in St. Louis was scarcely diminished by the scandal. If anything, it achieved its apex that very year, in large part because of a comeback from a near-crippling injury as melodramatic as any ever made by a Cardinal player. On the rainy early morning of Nov. 3, 1968, Harry was struck down by a speeding auto as he crossed the street to his car, which was parked opposite the Chase-Park Plaza, site of so many of his adventures, amatory and otherwise. A woman friend was seated in the car, prompting herself for the evening ahead, and Harry yet entertains himself with the thought of his companion watching him fly by the window, howling, "Holy Cow!"

There was, however, nothing amusing about the accident. Harry suffered broken legs, a broken shoulder and a broken nose. He nearly died in the street when rain and blood congested his lungs. And he almost lost one of his shattered limbs in the hospital. But after some months, he was as whole and hearty as ever.

His entrance into Busch Stadium on

Opening Day of the 1969 season was terrific theater. Sensing the dramatic possibilities, Harry stepped out of the Cardinal dugout after his introduction, hobbling on two canes. As he crossed the foul line, he tossed one cane aside. Nearing the field microphone, he threw the other away and raised his arms over his head in triumph. As the crowd stood and cheered and chanted, "Har-ree... Har-ree," he limped unaided the rest of the way. "Well, it's all show business," Harry explained later. "I hadn't needed those canes in weeks."

Suspecting a Busch blacklisting, Harry departed St. Louis after 1969 and took up with an unlikely new employer—Charles O. Finley. The anticipated clash of inoscent egos never fully materialized; Harry and Charlie got on famously during Harry's brief stay in Oakland. Harry did, however, come a cropper against a more fragile personality. Monte Moore had been Finley's announcer since Kansas City days, and he was understandably piqued at being supplanted as the "No. 1 man by the rogue from St. Louis." "I can feel the knife in my back every time I walked into the booth," says Harry of his single season in Oakland. "We couldn't go on like that." Besides, Moore was a teetotaler and something of a Bible thumper. The situation was clearly intolerable. So Harry left the A's and joined the then downfrozen White Sox in 1971.

The terms of his new contract were unusual in that they were geared to Harry's reputation for putting "fannies in the seats." Stu Holcomb, then the Sox' executive vice-president, inserted an attendance clause that called for Harry to be paid a base annual salary of \$50,000 with bonuses of \$10,000 for every 100,000 spectators the Sox drew in excess of 600,000. In pre-Harry 1970 the Sox drew 495,355. In Harry's first year attendance climbed to 833,891. In 1972 it was 1,186,018, and in '73 it reached 1,316,527, the highest since 1960. Harry was by then making more in bonuses than he was in salary. The attendance provisions were discontinued after the '73 season.

Harry himself was nearly discontinued two years later by the team president, John Allyn. Harry had been feuding with Tanner, and Allyn made it abundantly clear whose side he was on during a television interview. Harry was watching another show when a newspaper friend called to suggest he catch his boss. Har-

ry switched channels in time to see the end of an interview in which Allyn said that if he owned the team in 1976, Harry would not be back. It was Allyn, of course, who did not come back. The Sox were sold in '76 to a group headed by the redoubtable Veeck, and last year a team attendance record of 1,657,315 was established.

Even with Allyn and Tanner gone, Harry was not assured of a job. Veeck had been operating the perennially impoverished Browns in St. Louis at the same time that Harry was winning fans for the Cardinals. Harry sensed that the new White Sox president still held an old grudge against him, and at the outset of their interview nothing was said to disabuse him of this unpleasant notion. "Here I am talking to the man who ran me out of St. Louis," Harry recalls Veeck saying. "Yeah, me and Gusie Busch's millions." Harry retorted, Veeck laughed. Harry stayed. But the suspicion remains that Veeck might yet resent being upstaged in his own park. Would not the peg-legged entrepreneur prefer to be up there himself leading the cheers and songs?

"No, that's not Bill's style," says part owner Brazowski. "Actually, his ego and Harry's go on like this." He moves his hands upward and parallel. "They don't cross." And Veeck does seem to appreciate Harry's antics, which, in Harry's view, is merely demonstrating good business sense. "I'm a walking advertisement for the White Sox," says Harry humbly. "That I relate to people is one heck of an asset to the team. And I don't make a nickel off the Sox anymore." Indeed, Harry is now paid by his radio and television stations, not by the White Sox; Veeck retains only the right to refuse his services.

Harry's current earnings for broadcasting Sox games—all of them on radio, 140 on television—are, by his accounting, as high as or higher than those of any announcer in baseball. He is probably worth it. "He's the most knowledgeable broadcaster in the game," says his color man, Jimmy Piersall, himself a personality of authenticated flamboyance. "A lot of play-by-play men have to pick your brains for information. Otherwise they're dead. Harry just knows the game."

It is Saturday, the day Harry does his broadcast from the centerfield bleachers in Comiskey Park. On this particular Sat-



In Chi: even Harry is seen dancing with his wife

urday he is dressed in a powder-blue polo shirt and white shorts supported by a cloth belt emblazoned with the words HOLY COW. "When you got good wheels," says Harry, defending his apparel, "you show 'em."

Harry arrives at the ball park to the sounds of a familiar refrain: "Hey, Harry... Har-ree!" He breezes through the crowd, signing programs and baseballs, commending a girl for looking smashing and advising her boyfriend that "with eyes like yours, pal, you could hit 300 in the big leagues." An elderly woman embraces him as he passes through the press gate. She is wearing a T-shirt on which is written BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP. LEGGY GOES RIGHT TO THE BONE. Harry hugs her back. He enters the Bards Room, pausing long enough to down a screwdriver and distribute recordings of a new disco version of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, on which his supermanned voice shouts, "Holy Cow!" "The record's great," Harry tells the newsmen. "You can hardly hear me." He rejoins the fans, passing through the stands to the playing field. Along the way there is more handshaking, backslapping and choruses of "Hey, Harry."

Harry's high good humor is threatened when he is told by one of his television people that Veck has ordered the bleachers closed because of a threat of rain. Harry bounces into the dugout and telephones Veck in the Bards Room. "Bill, what's this about the bleachers being closed? Yeah, yeah, I know, but there's bright sunshine out here now." This is almost true.

Harry bounds out of the dugout. "O.K., O.K., the bleachers are open. Got to do some work now." He will do interviews with fans, one for radio, one for TV. For radio, he picks an elderly gent named Francis Cavanaugh, who says he first saw a White Sox game in 1922. Harry asks him how good Babe Ruth was. "Best I ever saw," says Mr. Cavanaugh, whom Harry is now calling "my good friend." Harry gives his guest a digital watch and a hearty handshake.

Spectators are filtering into the bleacher seats, so Harry rushes out to join them. He bustles down labyrinthine corridors underneath the stands, stocky legs pumping hard. It is nearly game time, but his crew is only now beginning to set up, and he still has a television interview to do. When he reaches the bleachers, he receives a tumultuous "Hey, Harry" wel-

come. He stands on the walkway below leading the cheering.

Harry's broadcasting table is situated on a platform to the left of the hitters' backdrop, a rope separating him from the fans. Near Harry's table is a barber's chair, where Lynn Gladowsky gives haircuts during the game at \$4 a clip. Harry plugs her business on the air, interviews her customers and, naturally, has his own locks shorn by her. On the runway below there is a shower where overheated bleacherites douse themselves. Harry among them.

For his television interview, Harry selects from the crowd John Durkin, a 21-year-old Illinois State student. "I need a beer," Durkin says, steeling himself for the ordeal. "You want one, Harry?" Harry does. Durkin's college pals, who have quaffed many beers, cheer him noisily throughout the interview. They are encouraged by Harry, who cries out, "He's good, isn't he?" Harry waves his beer in a toast to Durkin, and there is a raucous demonstration in the bleachers.

Harry's attaché case and butterfly net arrive only moments before the national anthem. Conditions are seldom ideal for the bleacher broadcasts, but an increasingly capricious wind adds fresh complications. Harry's statistical sheets soar about him like kites, and strands of freshly trimmed hair from Gladowsky's barber chair drift into his beer. "You can't beat fun at the old ball park," Harry shouts to no one in particular. The camera lights are on. "It's a hot, humid, windy... beecootiful day for baseball." Harry begins in his hoarse baritone, "and here we are in the bleachers. These are baseball's true fans right here."

In the first inning of the game with Kansas City, Sox Third Baseman Eric Soderholm throws wildly to first on a routine ground ball. "Soderholm made a terrible throw," Harry moans. "He couldn't run the ball over in time to get that out and he threw it away. But that's baseball." One hitter later, the chastened Soderholm makes a diving catch of a hard ground ball between third and short and, from his knees, throws the runner out. "Hot-lee Cow!" Harry bellows. "What a sensational play! And after missing that easy one. That's baseball."

The wind, which is picking up, toples one of Harry's beers and drenches

a stat sheet. Harry calls for a towel. The flying hair lends a gauzy effect to the already improbable scene, so that when seen head-on Harry appears to be a figure from a Renoir. Harry's television monitor is not functioning, and because a portion of rightfield is obscured by the black backdrop that rises to his left, he can only speculate on the ultimate destination of balls hit there. Inebriated bleacherites hover near him, demanding to be put on the air. The "Hey, Harry" cries grow more insistent, taking on a less friendly, more satirical tone. The loudest of these emanate from a man with a transistor radio affixed to his ear, someone obviously intent on hearing the sound of his own voice on the radio.

Harry revels in the chaos. Not even the most offensive drunk ruffles him. He poses for pictures between innings, flourishes his beer, shakes hands, kisses the ladies. His microphone becomes a baton as he conducts the bleacher chorus in a rendition of the White Sox fight song. Na, Na, Hey, Hey, Kiss Him Goodbye. And he dutifully reads the scribbled notes that find their way to him. "Aunt Carrie Gable from LaSalle is here celebrating her 85th birthday. . . . Now here's a bunch of guys who write, 'Please assure our wives we really did come to the game. . . .'"

Harry goes on to extol the virtues of bleacher dwelling. "We got a shower and we got a barber chair. I don't know what else we need." There is also the ball game. "Ooops, Joc Zdeb just singled for Kansas City. His name spelled backwards is . . ."

The Sox win a laugh, and Harry leads the fans in a final cheer: "Sox win! Sox win! Sox win!" He is drenched with sweat, but he leaves the ball park fulfilled, pleased with the show. He is a man who enjoys his work, his life. And the evening lies ahead.

Outside the park, Harry is approached by a well-dressed drunk. "How are you, my friend?" says affable Harry. The drunk says nothing. He just stares at Harry. Harry smiles uneasily. "I love you, Harry," the drunk says solemnly. Harry pats him on the arm. "I love you because . . ." Harry pats him again and starts to walk away. "I love you," the drunk says, his voice trailing after the stocky man in the short pants. "I love you," he repeats, inspired now. "I love you because . . . you're Harry Caray." **END**

Ignorance, prejudice and politicking help to decide who will be ranked No. 1 in the AP and UPI football polls

by WALTER BINGHAM



There are two of them, twins in a way, one published by the Associated Press, the other by United Press International, and they appear in the sports section of your newspaper on Monday evening or Tuesday morning throughout the college football season. They are the AP and UPI polls, and they rank the nation's Top 20 teams each week. The rankings are derided and cheered, deplored and cherished. They are almost wholly subjective and often based on ignorance and prejudice, and it would be easy to dismiss them as a waste of time except for one thing. Whereas basketball, hockey, tennis, golf, track and field, cross-country—in fact, any other NCAA sport you care to name—settle their national championships on the field, court, rink, track or fairway, the polls, and nothing else, ultimately determine which college football team is No. 1 in the country.

The AP poll, which was started in 1936, is compiled this year from the votes of 69 newspaper writers, television re-

porters and radio men, the UPI, 14 years younger, reflects the opinions of 42 head coaches. Not only do these 111 men—and they are all men—rank the teams during the season, but they also cast their ballots in preseason polls, which, in effect, establish the morning line in the four-month race for No. 1. As we shall see, of all the polls, the preseason one, which is the most subjective, is also one of the most significant.

And how, you might ask, can anyone tell how strong a team is before it has even played a game and whether or not it is stronger than another untested team 3,000 miles away? What infinite knowledge do the voters possess? What rare insights? Let us see.

"Hey, Coach," says State's sports information director, "UPI's on the phone. They want your preseason picks."

"Handle it, will you? I'm getting ready for the opener."

"You know UPI doesn't like that, Coach. If they find out, they'll drop you."

"O.K., let's see. I want us somewhere in the top five and USC on top. Right on top. Put the monkey on their backs. Then put down Oklahoma, Nebraska, Colorado, Iowa State, Kansas, Kansas State, . . ."

"Coach, Coach, don't you think that's a little heavy on the conference?"

"All right, take out Kansas State, but leave Kansas in there. They're tough. We only beat 'em 35-6 last year. Besides, their guy always votes for me."

"Who else, Coach?"

"Er, Notre Dame, Penn State—I like that Paterno; plays tough but never beats me—UCLA, Alabama and, er, Washington State."

"Washington State?"

"Darn right. We got to play them next week. Tough."

"What about Texas and Arkansas?"

"No! Not Texas and definitely not Arkansas, damn his funny jokes."

"That's only 12 teams, Coach. UPI wants you to vote for 15 this season."

"They want 15? What sort of way is that to pick a Top 20? I've got to get ready for Washington State. You fill in the other ones."

At about the same time, a letter arrives at the home of a reporter. It is from Charley, a friendly sports information director. "Hi," it begins. "Hope you and yours had a wonderful summer. This is just to remind you that we were 11-1 last season and that we have all 22 starters back plus a walk-on soccer-style Norwegian placekicker. We look forward to another outstanding season and hope you will remember us kindly in the AP poll."

The reporter crumples the letter but decides this is as good a time as any to make his preseason choices and send them to the AP bureau chief. He rattles off Ohio State, Michigan, USC, UCLA, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Texas, Arkansas, LSU, Alabama, Notre Dame and Penn State, even though he can't name five players on the whole lot of them and is not all that familiar with their schedules.

continued

POLLS, WEAKLY





That's 12 teams, and more years than not the national champion will be one of them. Now he picks Maryland from the ACC and Arizona State from the WAC, then remembers that Arizona State is now in the Pac-8, er, Pac-10, starts to erase and then figures that Frank Kush can produce a winning team in any conference.

That's 14 teams. One to go. "O.K.," he decides, "I deserve one for myself. I pick Tulsa. Why not? Tulsa has a fair offense and it has five patsties on the schedule. I live in Tulsa and, most important, I went to Tulsa. If I don't vote for Tulsa, who will?"

Although the above vignettes are fanciful, there are elements of truth in each, and we will return in a moment to inspect them. But first let us ponder the importance of the preseason polls in which the coach and the reporter took part.

Last year Arkansas won 10 of 11 regular-season games, losing only to No. 1 Texas 13-9 when the Longhorns scored the game's only touchdown in the final quarter. And yet entering the bowl games, the Razorbacks were ranked sixth behind four other teams with 10-1 records and never had a chance to become No. 1. Granted someone had to bring up the rear, but why Arkansas? Well, it's really very simple. The Razorbacks began the season ranked, as Lou Holtz put it, "76th or something." Certainly they weren't in either the AP or UPI preseason Top 20 as the other 10-1 teams had been. As one AP voter sheepishly admits, "I wasn't even aware of Arkansas until halfway through the season."

Sometimes there is little question which team should get the award, as in

1976 when Pittsburgh was the only 12-0 team in the country. Some may have suspected that USC, beaten only by Missouri in an opening-game upset, was stronger, but virtually everyone agreed that Pitt deserved the honor. Last year, however, no team was unbeaten, and five—Notre Dame, Texas, Alabama, Penn State and Arkansas—wound up 11-1. What made the voters, most of them at least, pick Notre Dame No. 1? There are five basic rules, unwritten rules to be sure, for winning a national championship, and the Irish followed them all. They are:

- 1) Get yourself on national television, more than once, if possible, and when you do, win.
- 2) If you must lose a game during the season (and one is the limit), do it early.
- 3) Don't let the athletic director talk you into dropping Kansas State and adding Oklahoma, even if it's for 1985.
- 4) Win by as big a number as possible, and be ready to justify it later.
- 5) At bowl time, play the highest-ranked team you can find, unless you are already No. 1, in which case play someone respectable but beatable.

Let's take these five rules as they applied to Notre Dame last year. The Irish appeared on national television three times, defeating defending national champion Pitt 19-9 in the opening game of the season, beating traditional rival USC 49-19—a victory from which they would have gotten even more mileage if USC had not lost three other games last year—and, finally, whipping No. 1 Texas 38-10 in the Cotton Bowl, the performance that put them on top. Three appearances on TV against Top 20 teams, three wins. Total score: 106-38. Pollsters

are impressed by what they see on television, live or taped, and Notre Dame was indeed impressive.

The sole Irish loss came in their second game of the season, to Mississippi 20-13 in Jackson. This was their only tactical mistake of the season. If you are a Northern team, you should never play a day game in Mississippi—or Texas or Alabama—in September. The temperature in Jackson was near 90, hotter on the field. Notre Dame wilted. But at least it lost early and had time to recoup. Look at Texas. When the bowl games were over, it had an 11-1 record, the same as Notre Dame, Alabama, Penn State and Arkansas, but it had violated Rules 1 and 2, losing on national television and losing late in the season. In its final poll, AP ranked the Longhorns fourth, UPI fifth.

The Notre Dame schedule (Rule 3) was no softer than that of most of the other contenders, but it contained a number of patsties interspersed among the toughies, namely, the three service academies and Miami (Fla.). Miami, by the way, is Exhibit A for how not to be a national champion. If you ever find yourself with a pretty fair football team and for some bizarre reason you're afraid it might crack the Top 20, play Miami's schedule. Last year it opened with Ohio State, closed with Notre Dame and had Penn State and Alabama in between. That is (and was) a quick 0-4 before you even get around to looking at the rest of the schedule. (Miami wound up 3-8.)

Oklahoma and Ohio State violated Rule 3 last year, scheduling each other, as did Alabama and Nebraska. The Buckeyes and Sooners were a classic matchup, good for the game, thrilling for the spectators and disastrous for the loser—Ohio State, in this case. In either case, the loser was virtually sealed off from the national championship, while the winner has earned no guarantee. Two weeks later Oklahoma was beaten by Texas. Who can tell how much, in terms of preparation and effort, the Ohio State game took out of the Sooners? Texas, meanwhile, was warming up with Boston College, Virginia and Rice. Which leads us to Rule 4.

Pollsters deplore it individually, but their eyes pop when they see a big score and they vote accordingly. After the Buckeyes were beaten by Oklahoma, they dropped from third to seventh, but were still ranked higher than Texas, which was

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eighth with a 2-0 record. The following week Ohio State crushed SMU 35-7, but suddenly found itself two spoils behind Texas, which was obliterating Rice 72-15.

That Texas laughter over Rice obviously impressed the coaches. So did Oklahoma 62 Utah 24, Texas 68 Virginia 0, Alabama 55 Louisville 6 Notre Dame obeyed Rule 4 with a 69-14 licking of Georgia Tech. Notre Dame also let Air Force have it 49-0. If the polls hurt the game in any way, it is here. Because voters are impressed by big scores, teams in contention for the national title will whip a dying horse, an act which is rationalized by the winning coach in a number of ways. "What am I supposed to do, tell our fourth-stringers they can't score?" Or, "Look, it's a funny game. I've seen teams leading 34-0 in the fourth quarter lose 35-34. Those guys were tougher than the score [66-0] indicates."

Paying close attention to Rule 5 is what really put Notre Dame on top. Come bowl time, always play the highest-ranked team you can find. As an independent, Notre Dame is fortunate not to be locked in contractually to a bowl. Michigan, with its one loss in midseason to Minnesota, had no chance at the national championship on Jan. 2, even though it was ranked ahead of Notre Dame at the time. The reason is that in the Rose Bowl the Wolverines found themselves playing a Washington team with four losses. Even had Michigan won big—the Wolverines lost—the pollsters would have been unimpressed. It was Michigan's misfortune that its opponent was not undefeated No. 1-ranked USC, although in such a case Michigan surely would have lost. But it at least would have had a shot at being No. 1.

Notre Dame went for the popular when it chose the Cotton Bowl and top-ranked Texas, and in doing so it gave itself a chance. Two years earlier, Alabama had been upset by Missouri in its first game; it won the rest to wind up the regular season ranked behind Oklahoma. An Alabama-Oklahoma game in the Orange Bowl was in order, but Bear Bryant, having been cuffed about in recent bowl games, chose the Sugar Bowl on the guarantee that the Tide's opponent would be Penn State, tough defensively that year but weak on offense. Bryant won the game but lost his gantlet when Oklahoma beat Michigan in the Orange Bowl. By not playing the highest-ranked team

available, Bryant did not give himself every chance.

Last season Dan Devine did. And when the Irish dumped Texas, they were in. In the AP poll, 37 voters picked Notre Dame, 19 picked Alabama, five Arkansas, two Texas and one, in a Solomonie gesture, shared his first-place ballot among Notre Dame, Alabama and Arkansas. The UPI coaches awarded Notre Dame 23 first-place votes, Alabama 13, Arkansas two and Texas one.

Exactly who are these 111 men with the power to name national champions? Among them, the 69 voters in the AP poll cover every section of the country, but they are not evenly distributed. Every state is allotted one voter for every two NCAA Division I teams within its borders. For example, the state of Alabama, which has two such teams—Auburn and Alabama—gets one vote.

The bureau chiefs around the country select the voters. Associated Press sports editor Wick Temple estimates that about half of them are new every season. The voters phone in their ballots—this year for 20 places, up five from last year—to the bureau chiefs, who relay them to New

York. The deadline depends on whether the poll is for a.m. or p.m. release, which the AP alternates each week. In New York, Herschel Nissenson, the college football editor, tabulates the ballots: a first-place vote is worth 20 points, second 19, third 18 and on down to 20, which is worth one point.

Ballots are almost always tardy. The AP generally sends out a "give us votes" message at midday Monday, followed by a "give us votes NOW" and finally "the kitchen is closed." Rarely will all 69 men get their votes in. "There's always someone off on a boat somewhere," says Temple. For instance, only 64 men participated in last year's final poll. "One guy [Ray Christensen, a Minnesota radio man] refused to vote because he doesn't believe in post-bowl game polls," says Temple. "We didn't know that when we selected him."

UPI's 42 coaches are distributed more evenly geographically, six each for seven sections of the country: East, Midwest, South, Midlands, Southwest, Mountain and Pacific. Until this year coaches voted for only 10 teams, 10 points being awarded for first, nine for second, one

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POLLS continued

for 10th. Voting for only 10 teams presents two problems. Any coach honestly believing his team worthy of 19th or 20th place in the poll must vote it 10th if he wants to get any recognition at all. It has also happened that as few as 17 teams have been mentioned in certain weeks, so that UPI's Top 20 has come up three short. This season UPI is asking its coaches to rank 15 teams.

Just which coaches vote is up to two men in UPI's New York office, Fred McMane and Bill Madden. There is little change in the panel from year to year, but McMane and Madden do check with the bureau chiefs to see if any one coach is giving them trouble. Ballots are due Monday noon, but like the AP's, they are generally late. And it is not unusual for UPI to release its poll missing a vote or two. As noted, only 39 coaches voted in last year's final poll.

Now let us take a closer look at the two vignettes related earlier. Do sports information directors ever vote for their coaches? Most definitely, but how many do is difficult to determine. Some coaches "consult with their SIDs." Others have the SIDs phone in "my picks." A few freely admit they leave it up to the SID. When Iowa's Bob Cummings is too busy, which is generally when he is on the road, he lets SID George Wine make the selections. Bill Dooley, who coached at North Carolina last year and is now with Virginia Tech, says, "I let my SID vote for me, but I give him input from week to week. I keep him informed about how I feel regarding the rankings. I probably spend about five minutes on it."

Woody Hayes of Ohio State is technically a voting coach, but he defers to an assistant, Line Coach Alex Gibbs, which partly explains Woody's puzzling comment after last year's 35-6 loss in the Sugar Bowl to Alabama: "If I had a vote I'd give it to Alabama."

Gibbs became Hayes' stand-in one year when UPI did not receive Woody's final ballot after Ohio State had been beaten in the Rose Bowl. The local UPI man asked Hayes for his vote and was lucky to come out alive. Hayes was nearly dropped from the board. Now Gibbs votes, perhaps consulting Hayes before he does.

When Dan Devine was with Missouri, he would vote for only nine teams and let his wife fill in the 10th. She would usually pick Missouri or the team Missouri was about to play.

Which leads us to: Do coaches use their poll for their own purposes? Of course. Remember when Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler was tossed off the UPI board? A couple of years ago virtually every coach had Ohio State No. 1. Bo voted Missouri No. 1. New York asked its man in Detroit, Rich Shook, to question Schembechler. "Do you really want Missouri?" Shook asked. "If you don't like the way I vote, take me off the board," said Bo. UPI did. It so happened Michigan was playing Missouri the next week.

Bill Finley of the San Diego Union noticed something strange a couple of years ago. "San Diego State used to play North Texas State every year," he says. "A week before the game, San Diego would always jump up there in the UPI rankings. Now I can't prove it, but I'll bet that Hayden Fry, the North Texas coach, voted San Diego a lot higher than he should have the week before the game."

Gene Caddes, the Ohio bureau sports chief for UPI, says, "Do coaches use the polls? Are you kidding? Last season some coaches of teams in competition for the top spot—in fact, the winner of the national championship—left Ohio State completely off his Top Ten when it was 8-1, with only that one-point loss to Oklahoma. Barry Switzer, who beat the Buckeyes 29-28, left the Buckeyes off two weeks in a row. We asked Oklahoma City the second week to query Switzer on how he could leave Ohio State off and put Kentucky on when Kentucky wasn't even eligible because it was on probation."

Most coaches admit to some regional partisanship, especially after they have indicated their top five choices. There is a natural tendency to vote for teams you have seen, especially teams that have beaten you. There is also a tendency to vote for coaching friends and for teams in the same conference. LaVell Edwards of Brigham Young freely admits to a certain amount of regional partisanship. "Without it," he says, "some very good teams would never get a mention." Which is true. Only recently have teams in the WAC received any notice in the polls. Some years back Arizona State could be 6-0 toward midseason and be ranked 15th behind many teams with one loss and a couple of big powers, such as USC or Alabama, with two. When Arizona State would lose, it would drop out of the Top 20.

When both UPI and the AP are confronted with an outrageous ballot, they may note it or question it, but they will never change it, although Wick Temple says he reserves the right to throw it out. Last season eyebrows were raised when, after the first week of the season, a pollster in Boston voted a team No. 1 that hadn't been in the preseason Top 20. Seems he had just seen that team crush a local college 44-0. Voters are often overly impressed by what they have seen in person. But the AP let the vote stand, and thus the man in Boston became the first of many who put Texas at the top of the list.

In last year's final poll, the AP did question the voter who selected North Dakota as the best team in the country. In this case, the voter had scratched ND on his ballot, and someone along the line had decided that ND did not necessarily stand for Notre Dame.

Do SIDs politic? Sure. Virtually every AP voter has received mail inquiring as to his health and thanking him for his support of, well, Alabama. Charley Thornton, who is technically an assistant athletic director, canvasses the entire country asking that the Crimson Tide be remembered when it comes time to vote. Bob Pastin, a former sports editor of *The Bellingham* (Wash.) *Herald*, says, "Thornton wrote and thanked me for supporting Alabama in the polls after the season ended. All that was supposed to do was make me think about Alabama when the polls roll around this year. There's no way he's going to write a newspaper way up here in Bellingham if he didn't have that in mind."

From time to time someone suggests that college football could put an end to all this by staging a national championship playoff along the lines of basketball's. But even if such a playoff were limited to eight teams—the winners of the five major conferences plus three at-large teams—it would require three additional games, and thus three additional weeks, for the finalists, making for a 14-game season. And some solution would have to be worked out to accommodate the bowls.

Perhaps all this will take place someday, but for the moment we are stuck with the polls, for better or worse. As LaVell Edwards of Brigham Young says, "You have to put them in perspective. They are not foolproof, not the last word."

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MAKING ANOTHER KIND OF PITCH



IN THE BOOTH OR ON THE MOUND, SEAVER HAS GOOD STUFF

At first glance the subjects looked easy, the sort of fun courses that college students dream about. USC undergraduate Tom Seaver, already gainfully employed as a major league pitcher, needed 18 more credits for his B.S. degree. A professor lined them up: for geology, Seaver would test the soils in National League infielders; for geography, he would trace the spread of baseball around the world; and for a final journalism paper, he would analyze how local television and radio stations covered the game. That was in 1971, and it is to report that Seaver not only got his diploma, but he has also parlayed his studies, plus what broadcasters call his recognition factor, into a second career as a sportscaster.

As it turned out, the courses were tougher than they sounded. Seaver's geography paper followed baseball from country to country, and for geology, he worked closely with an engineering firm to determine the compression ratios and permeability of every infield in the league.

For his journalism paper, Seaver drafted a 15-part questionnaire and sent one to every team broadcaster. He found out who employed each one, whether or not the club or station exerted any pressure on what he said on the air, and if the sportscaster felt that he was, or could be, objective. In his report, Seaver concluded that the local broadcasters were not objective and, further, they didn't try to be. Baseball was entertainment, not

news, and as Bob Prince, then the play-by-play man for Pittsburgh, told Seaver, fans would run him out of town if he didn't pull for the Pirates.

Whatever lessons he might have learned from geology and geography, it is clear that the time Seaver spent on journalistic research wasn't wasted. When his pitching career is ended, Seaver will be able to make an easier transition into broadcasting than most former athletes. He first took a shot at broadcasting with a 13-week stint on New York's

WCBS weekend news in 1975. Since then, the slot has been occupied by Jim Bouton and is currently held by a former Seaver teammate on the Mets, Ron Swoboda.

"I wanted to learn, so I insisted on writing my own script," Seaver says. "On my first day, I had a Jets highlight film showing six plays in 55 seconds. I wrote the script to fit the six plays—and I went on the air. I was finishing my description of the fourth play and I looked up to see myself in the monitor. The film had already ended. All I could do was finish reading it. Things improved after that."

Well, they improved a bit. Seaver advanced to CBS Sports. He worked two network golf tournaments as an announcer—but in four days he got on camera only twice. It took the 1976 National League playoffs, for which he did the color commentary for ABC, to make Tom Seaver, the broadcaster, into something of a household name. The next season ABC carried the World Series, and Seaver was in the booth with Keith Jackson and Howard Cosell. "I don't consider myself an entertainer or a comedian," Seaver says, "and I don't like making fun of the game with one-liners. I want people who may not watch baseball except during the World Series to understand and enjoy the game."

Yankees and Dodgers: two outs and a Yankee runner on second with speedy Mickey Rivers at bat. Ron Cey, the Dodger third baseman, was standing behind the base, which

prompted Cosell to say that he should be playing in for the bust. But with two away, Rivers wasn't bunting; Seaver knew it and he spoke up. Cey was playing Rivers correctly, he said. "If I didn't say anything," Seaver says, "I'd have embarrassed myself."

Last November, Seaver took another step up in broadcasting by becoming the host of *Greatest Sports Legends*, a syndicated program now in its sixth season. On the 30-minute show he intersperses interviews with old film clips. This year's guests have included Ted Williams, Gordie Howe, Bob Hayes and Johnny Longden. "My job is to make sure that what each athlete is saying can be understood by someone who doesn't know about that sport," says Seaver. "In a way, I am a coordinator and a guide and I have to make the person feel at ease." For the most part, Seaver succeeds. He did well enough to be asked to host the show again, and already he is helping to plan next year's schedule when Frank Robinson, Arnold Palmer and Pete Rose, among others, will appear.

There was a time last season when Seaver was supposed to put his subjects at ease by participating in their sports, i.e., ice skating with Howe or appearing on horseback with Longden. Happily, that bumbone touch was abandoned. When Seaver recently taped an interview with Kello, the 21-year-old gelding who is the country's all-time money winner, Seaver didn't have to show up in saddle and blinkers to chat with the horse. He talked instead to Mrs. Richard C. duPont, Kello's owner, the questions coming from 12 pages of research worked up by a production team. Otherwise, says Seaver, "I'd have needed Mr. Ed to translate."

The Kello show was completed on one of Cincinnati's off days. "It was a great break from the season," says Seaver, who currently has a 13-14 record.

Despite the many television hours already consumed by sports, stations serving 70% of the country's sex carry *Greatest Sports Legends*. Alan Lubell, the distributor, says, "In two years who will remember who played in the NBA finals last June? But the legends stand out. Who can forget Ted Williams?" If the program lasts another 10 years, legends may want to do the obvious show. But how can Seaver interview Seaver? **END**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE

Climbing in the Cascade Mountains of Washington, the rainiest range in the continental U.S., can be damp, dreary and downright discouraging. If so, why is this man smiling? Because Bill Nicolai's hooded foul-weather parka is made with Gore-Tex, a laminate material that not only waterproofs but breathes as well. "Space Age clothes" is what one climber calls the new sportswear, a godsend to any backpacker, sailor, kayaker, fisherman or skier facing wet, chilly conditions. Dry and comfortable, Gore-Tex-clad hikers and climbers trek the Cascade trails by day, then, defying the cold and soggy ground, snuggle into down-filled Gore-Tex sleeping bags at night.

HIGH BUT DRY

While Nicolai (above) stays dry in his Early Winters parka and hood (\$1250), climber Eric Sackford wears a down jacket by JenSport (\$185), and partner Dave Ebenger an R/EI prototype jumpsuit as they work high on Goat Wall in Mazama, Wash.





Rain or shine, on ice, good or great: Gore-Tex keeps out the elements. Even when it's wet, the down stays fluffed up in John Dumstra's jacket (above, left) from R.E.I. (\$309.95) and a fellow hiker's Marmot parka (\$169). At Shi-Shu Beach on Washington's Makah Indian Reservation, space-age tents nestle where teepees once stood. The Earth Station, a geodesic dome from Early Winters (\$3205), sleeps four. Early Winters also makes the Winterlight (right), a two-man tent that packs up to the size of a large loaf of bread. R.E.I.'s quonset (center, \$185) weighs less than five pounds. Aboard his 41' Ericson, George Menier adjusts the mast in his International Marine Wear suit (\$140), while Mark Boufford, wearing foul-weather gear from Nease Industries (\$150), checks the balyard





In his Grey jacket and pants (\$104.50) Nicolo watches Bob Beger Jr. camouflaged by Columbia Sportswear (\$67.20) fly-fish in a Cascades stream. Ski touring at Rainy Pass, Sandi Fisher (far left, below) and Sun Mountain Lodge's Don Portman keep warm with idealical Early Winters shells (\$58) while Dorette in a long jacket from Banana (\$74.50) adjusts his bindings and Chloé Beardsley, in Banana's blossomed pullover (\$61) takes five. The Seattleist doesn't bother cyclist David Kahn who wears in a jacket by Banana (\$72) that's cut long in the back to tuck under his bike seat. Kahn's gaiters are from Early Winters (\$29.95).





MIRACLE IN THE RAIN

Many an outdoorsman, casting an eye at gathering thunderheads and envisioning sodden clothes and sopping sleeping bags, has mumbled incantations to the leaden skies. Well, campers, mumble no more; help is here in the form of a "wonder" laminate called Gore-Tex Fabric.

This answer to an outdoorsman's prayer began to be formulated on an October evening in 1969 when Robert Gore, a Maryland chemist, tried to see how far he could stretch a handful of a resin called PTFE. That's polytetrafluoroethylene to those in the know. Teflon to the rest of us. Gore and his industrialist father Wilbert soon discovered that by any name PTFE has unusual characteristics when it's stretched into very thin sheets. Today's Gore-Tex is a film .001 of an inch thick that weighs only one-half ounce per square yard, and every square inch of it has nine billion pores. Each pore is large enough to allow water vapor to pass through but too small for water in liquid form to seep through. Hence, body vapor can escape but raindrops can't get in. Just like real skin, Gore-Tex breathes but is waterproof.

Because the membrane-like sheets are extremely flexible and delicate, for rugged outdoor use they are sandwiched between layers of nylon, polyester or any other common outerwear fabric. With this added protection Gore-Tex can go just about anywhere—mountaintops, ocean swells, even outer space (NASA plans to use the material in space suits for its shuttle-flight personnel).

A manufacturer needing Gore-Texed cloth calls in the particulars (type of ma-

terial, color, etc.) to W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc. in Elton, Md. where the specified fabric is laminated to the PTFE film and then sent to the manufacturer. This process makes the final product—tent, jacket, sleeping bag, gutters—more expensive than conventional gear, but to campers and hikers who have remained comfortable through rain and sleet and dark of night it's worth the extra dollars.

At first it wasn't so easy to convince manufacturers that the Gores had, indeed, built a better mousetrap. "When I first went out to sell Gore-Tex," says Joe Tanner, who has been with the project almost from the start, "I had to convince the experts. 'Wolf' had been caved too many times before. Many firms would

bought more sewing machines so that we could make more tents. We knew that clothing wouldn't be far behind."

That was in 1976, a year in which 10,000 yards of Gore-Tex Fabric was sold, most of it to Early Winters. Since then, sales have increased dramatically.

Though the material seems to be taking the outdoor scene by storm, so to speak, it does have some limitations. "It is not a miracle thing," warns Eric Sanford, director of Liberty Bell Alpine Tours of Mazama, Wash., a group specializing in climbing trips. "Gore-Tex does not make an end-all fabric. But, to date, it's the best in the field."

One drawback is that, to be truly waterproof, every seam in a Gore-Tex garment must be sealed where the sewing needle punches holes in the fabric. Because the sealer used is both toxic and flammable, many manufacturers don't do their own sealing. Instead, each of their products comes with a tube of the glue-like stuff, and a buyer must do the messy job himself. W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc. hopes to eliminate this inconvenience by encouraging manufacturers to use either an ultrasonic or high-frequency weld on seams.

Finally, the tiny pores in the laminate can become clogged by oil from the skin, sun creams or cooking products, rendering the cloth temporarily non-waterproof. A good washing with a mild soap opens up the pores.

But these are only minor inconveniences for the outdoorsman who has discovered that his Gore-Tex down jacket is not only windproof but also sheds water, leaving the down stuffing dry, fluffy and thermally active. And when a camper can bed down under dripping trees with the assurance of spending a comfortable night, you know that the Gores' invention is truly a "wonder" material. Says a Marmot Mountain Works spokesman after spending the night in one of the company's "Gopher" Gore-Tex down bags, "It seems strange to wake up after sleeping out of doors on the bare ground and see everything wet and dewy around you and yet feel warm and perfectly dry inside a sleeping bag."

—JULIE CAMPBELL



Diemtre wears a leather-trimmed jacket from Rocky Mountain Featherbed (\$110). His friend sports her own coat.

ask, "Why isn't North Face using it, or why isn't Sierra Designs buying?"

Then one day Tanner approached Early Winters, a small outdoor-equipment company in Seattle, and found the firm's president, Bill Nicolai, a willing listener. Nicolai ordered some Gore-Tex laminate, had it cut and sewn into a tent and, with designer Bill Edwards, tested it in a driving rain. "The walls of the tent stayed absolutely dry," says Nicolai. "We knew that this was our big chance."

When the new tents proved to be an instant hit, Early Winters was off and running. "We sold three or four hundred in a matter of weeks," says Nicolai. "The public was ready and so were we. We took the money from the first tents and

Buger may be pulling a bit as he runs on Shi Shi Beach, but his training suit from G.U.T.S. (\$80) is "breathing" easy. Waist deep in white water kayaker Gary Galbreath (left) remains semi-dry in his blue pullover from Pacific Ascent (\$39.50).

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TODAY'S GAMES (EDT)

Pittsburgh (Bibby 8-7) at New York (Berenguer 0-2), 2:05 p.m.

Los Angeles (Sutton 13-10) at Atlanta (Bouton 0-0), 2:15 p.m.

One of the more charming of baseball's quaint customs is the business of permitting the roster to swell to 40 once August has turned to dust. Mostly these callow September people are promoted only to spit and strut a moment upon the green stage, but occasionally one does get the chance to hit a homer, to notch a save, even to juggle a magic number in his glove. It is a most generous tradition, and in this season an especially good one, because the rule made it possible for Jim Bouton, age 39, to come back to the big leagues on the far side of Labor Day.

No matter what the month, Bouton is one of those September persons, always bursting gloriously, unexpectedly into celebrity, befuddling a settled, mid-season populace unprepared for his metamorphoses and antics: fireballing hurler, bestselling author, free-wheeling sports announcer, confessed vasectomee, actor, TV scenarist, what-have-you. But this latest—the audacity, the whimsy of it! Even the gamblers were so disoriented they could not, for all their wisdom and vigorish, compose a Braves-Dodgers line.

Other men have returned to the majors at Bouton's age, but none had been out of the game for so many years, entered other careers, put on a different face, even climbed into a different body. Bouton was 20 pounds lighter than when he last pitched in the majors, a desultory episode with the Astros in 1970 that even he cannot recall. He had to scratch back, too—he was 1-11 in Class AA last year, tolerated only as an eccentric who sold a few seats to idle nostalgics and masochists. This spring, he had to plead with Ted Turner, the Atlanta owner, for a chance just to pitch minor league batting practice, and even as he stood on the Braves' mound Sunday after a successful summer in Double A (12-9, 2.77 at Savannah), there were those who would not believe that it was more than a lark, a desecration of the national pastime.

A number of the Los Angeles players and a Reds' executive made rare common cause in dispensing anti-Bouton/

anti-Turner remarks at the game. They should have taken their smugness and patronizing slurs on the bus ride the Savannah Braves took Saturday to Knoxville for their last playoff game. Said Stu Livingstone, a Savannah relief pitcher, "There wasn't a player on the bus who didn't talk up for Jim, who didn't want him to show all the doubters what he can do."

Bouton, who was already in Atlanta, sent his real team a telegram, and then prepared to play with the big league strangers. Most of all, it seemed, he was at peace. "Whatever happens today, this has been the most satisfying summer of my life," he said. "Two years ago I would dream of this moment, putting on a major league uniform again, and in my daydreams I would always see myself crying. But when the moment came, it was different. I can't explain my emotions, because they're different from what anyone has ever had. But my perceptions have changed. Two years ago it was a dream. But I have earned this uniform. What I accomplished this summer was a reality. I belong here. I'm a bona fide major leaguer. I didn't have to cry."

The crowd of 11,162, more receptive to romance and joy than the cheerless, image-conscious critics from Cincinnati and Los Angeles, stood and applauded the man. He gripped the seams and threw a knuckleball to the Dodger lead-off batter, Davey Lopes. "Strike one," the umpire said. Lopes, who later characterized the afternoon as "a joke" rife with "disrespect for baseball," struck out.

Laurie Bouton, age 12, gaped. "Oh, Mom, can you believe that?" she said.

"That's wonderful," said Bobbi Bouton, "but it's just one batter." Jim got the side in order, and through three innings gave up only one walk. The entire Bouton family, plus several friends, had flown in to enjoy what Jim's brother Bob referred to as "this time warp," and they sat choked and unbelieving as a real no-hat fantasy unfolded.

That dream ended in the fourth. A knuckleball is destiny's child. Fastballs, curves, sliders, the usual pitcher's fare, are tools of the man who throws them. But to hear knuckleballers tell it, their pitch decides what it will do without much regard for the wishes of the man who is throwing it. Sunday, Bouton knew when he warmed up that he had only a

continued

Old 56 comes back at 39

In Atlanta, Jim Bouton knuckled three shutout innings before knuckling under.



pedestrian knuckler. In his last start, a two-hitter against Orlando, he had "superknuck" with him, and he threw it 95% of the time. Against the Dodgers, he had to mix in his palmball, a cut fastball (tuned at a death-defying 70 mph; his knuckler sizzles up around 60), an occasional change. And in the fourth, he lost some of his rhythm and got a bit wild. An anguished Reggie Smith, distressed at "this circus atmosphere," engaged in some wish-fulfillment and got himself thrown out of the game for sassing the plate umpire at every turn.

Bobbi Bouton grimaced. "This is bad," she said. "A knucklerballer needs so much concentration." She knows her husband, the pitcher, well. He immediately walked Bill North, Smith's replacement. Steve Garvey then got the Dodgers' first hit: two more singles followed, and Rick Monday made it 5-1 with a three-run homer. Trailing 6-1, Bouton went out for a pinch hitter after five innings.

Thus for three innings he was very, very sharp. "I think I proved my stuff is good enough," he said. "It's only a matter of being consistent. I did it. It came all the way back, and I got out big league hitters." And he gave up six earned runs in five innings. That, too, was true.

Bouton and the Braves will have an opportunity to see which is the real Bouton, because he will have several more starts before the season is played out. And during those outings Bouton will not be burdened with the ineffable emotions that beset him on Sunday. He enjoys pressure, but what he experienced Sunday worked upon the heart more than it did upon the stomach and the old Adam's apple. "I'm in a territory nobody's ever been to before," he said.

And an unexplored land is where Bouton really is, not in the Southern Association or the National League. He has achieved much there; he has been a bold adventurer in his foray beyond the borders of baseball convention. Perhaps it is too much to expect a bunch of ball-players to understand that.

"There are so many should'n's and can't's in the world that when someone challenges them, as I have, and beats them, as I have, then it has to inspire people," Bouton said. To him, the day had been a victory, though in baseball terms it was a defeat that left him 61-61, lifetime, Or, 61-60 last lifetime, 0-1 this lifetime. Jim Bouton leads the majors in lifetimes.

THE WEEK

(September 3-10)

by JIM KAPLAN

AL WEST As the Eastern leaders battled on one coast (page 26), Kansas City (5-2) and California (5-3) fought it out on the other. Before arriving in Anaheim, K.C. was enjoying another late-season drive. In 1977 the Royals won 15 straight and 23 of 24 in September, finishing with a divisional title and the best record in baseball. This September they had moved 3½ games in front with six wins in a row. Early in the week Larry Gura beat Detroit 6-2 on five hits. Al Hrabosky survived a bases-loaded, no-outs situation to preserve Rich Gale's 5-3 win over Oakland, and Dennis Leonard whipped the A's 3-0 on a two-hitter. The Royals also overcame a seven-run deficit to beat Oakland 11-8. "Without a doubt, our best comeback of the season," said Manager Whaley Herzog.

Meanwhile, the Angels had been under fire for losing to Texas by scores of 11-5 and 9-2. "Sometimes I think the manager has more desire than the 25 players put together," said California Executive Vice-President Buzzy Baxas referring to the enthusiasm of his skipper, Jim Fregosi. Added veteran Ron Fairly, "This is a very unemotional ball club. It's very frustrating to a person like myself. I feel the more involved I become in the game, the easier it is to play."

The Royals opened the critical California series with a 9-7 win. In a five-run eighth inning, little-used sub Jerry Terrell made the key play, scoring the winning run from second on an infield hit. Leading now by five games in the loss column, the Royals were in position to all but wrap up their third straight title by sweeping a Saturday night doubleheader. Instead, California won 3-2 and 4-2. Joe Rudi and Don Baylor had timely hits, and Don Aase and Dave Frost outdueling Gale and Leonard. Now it was time for some Royal gripes. The team's happy-family image took a beating when teammates accused Shortstop Freddie Patek, who has missed 20 games with illness and injury, of malingering.

But front-runner discussion was nothing compared to the bleating of the division's also-rans. In Texas (2-4), the Rangers were taking shots at their heretofore popular manager, Billy Hunter. Quoted anonymously in the *Dallas Times Herald*, one player said, "If Hunter were managing Kansas City, we'd be as far ahead as we are behind." Another said, "The man's a dummy, and I think 95% of the players who have been around agree with me." The story divided the Rangers into two cliques—a small one questioning the manager's ability, a larger one questioning the manager's ability to deal with the small one. The

players themselves were not above reproach. On three consecutive pitches to Angel batters, Reggie Cleveland served up a two-run homer, a single and another two-run homer. And Richie Zisk and Bobby Bonds nearly came to blows—over nothing, they both agreed.

The worst news in Oakland (1-4) occurred on the night of a victory. Civic leaders attempted to stage a "Save the A's" night. Unfortunately, it coincided with the annual Lions Night. Finally, both sides agreed on a joint promotion, but only 9,841 fans showed up to watch the A's demolish Texas 11-4. Lamented owner Charlie Finley, who had hoped for 50,000. "You can't bullyhoo a funeral."

Chicago won four of seven as Lerrin LaGrew got a win and a save and Ken Krawiec and Rich Wortham threw complete-game victories. The week went sour when Manager Larry Doocy accused Umpire Joe Brinkman of making a racial slur in the heat of an argument.

Minnesota (3-4) was shut out a club-record three straight times. Even more embarrassing was a shup by Dan Ford, who stopped between third and home to tell trailing runner Joe Morales not to slide when he scored. Ford then neglected to touch the plate and was passed by Morales. Said Manager Gene Mauch, "I've never seen anything like that in 19 years of big league managing, and I never expect to again."

Seattle (3-3) got one of its wins in a game in which Lee Stanton, a 181 lb. drow, in the winning run and Glenn Abbott used his "rope-a-dope" tactics to stifle the Brewers. "I wore them out with my fastball, and then got 'em with a bunch of breaking stuff," he said.

NO 77-63 CAL 77-66 TEX 68-70 OAK 65-76
MINN 62-80 CHI 60-82 SEA 53-88

AL EAST While New York (7-1) and Boston (2-5) went head to head at the top, Milwaukee (5-2) and Baltimore (4-2) kept gaining. The Brewers, 10 games behind on Aug. 14, have chopped 5½ games off the lead by going 19-3, primarily against losing clubs. While Milwaukee beat up on Texas, Seattle, Toronto and Minnesota last week, Larry Hile reached the 30-homer and 100-RBI plateaus, and Bill Travers won his 18th game. But the Brewers also had two painful losses—Mike Caldwell throwing away a 3-0 lead in losing 4-3 to Seattle, and Jerry Augustine, Bill Castro and Bob McClure together squandering a 4-2 advantage as the Brewers fell 5-4 to Toronto. Nonetheless, Manager George Bamberger, who has had a brilliant first season, went right on insisting, "I have a feeling we're going to catch them. Yes, both clubs."

The Orioles broke out the champagne—not for getting back in the race, but for twice beating the Blue Jays, who had defeated Baltimore seven out of 10 times. The Orioles

looked as if they could beat better clubs, too. Getting three saves from Don Stanhouse, they extended their latest hot streak to 16-4. Stanhouse even saved one game without throwing a pitch; he picked Carlton Fisk of the Red Sox off first with two out in the ninth. "I put the runner to sleep," said Stanhouse. "I needed an easy save. Look at all the tough ones I get."

Detroit (3-4) could not keep up with the winners, dropping one to Kansas City and three of four to New York. Ron LeFlore's 27-game hitting streak was stopped by the Yankees, and he muffed a fly ball in the same game. Cleveland lost four of six, and club officials began changing the subject. The city of Cleveland is a "sleeping giant," boasted President George Paul and majority owner Steve O'Neill, whose team has drawn only 731,132 so far this season. Not even Buddy Bell's 1,000th career hit could prevent Cleveland Press writer Bob Sadyk from demanding the scalp of Manager Jeff Torborg. "Torborg is young, talented and intelligent," wrote Sadyk, "but still learning on the job. He remains too nice a guy to nudge awake 'The Sleeping Giant,' but should be groomed ... for the front office."

Toronto suffered one of the most memorable weeks of the franchise's brief and memorable history. First, the Blue Jays lost six of seven and were one-hit by California's Chris Knapp. Then Willie Horton, the only Jay to hit in that game, missed the team's next outing after a bizarre parking-lot incident. Horton claimed that he was kayaked by a mounted policeman's riding crop, and that one of his sons was stepped on by a police horse. Horton, his wife, two sons and three others were charged with creating a disturbance. And finally, writer Neil Campbell of the Globe and Mail was tossed out of Exhibition Park after admitting that he had taken a folder of the club's documents.

winning week, but Manager Bobby Cox removed Pitcher Buddy J. Solomon, who had won his last three starts and had an earned run average of 2.02 in his last five turns, with a 2-0 lead. The Pirates rallied against his replacements, Craig Skok and Gene Garber, and went on to win 6-3.

Resigned to finishing fourth, San Diego (3-3) called up five rookies. The team's best work, however, was done by veterans Gaylord Perry, who had his 16th and 17th wins, and Rolfe Fingers, who got his 31st and 32nd saves. Another veteran, Randy Jones, continued pitching well, but lost because of two more errors by his teammates. The Padres have made 43 errors behind Jones, whose record is 11-13.

The Dodgers (3-3) stayed comfortably in front, thanks in part to a 3-2 win over Houston by Burt (Happy) Hooton, their glum-faced rightlander. Since the All-Star break, Hooton has pitched well enough to cheer himself up: a 9-1 record, and nine consecutive games in which he has lasted at least until the ninth inning.

The Giants (3-4) were preparing for the worst. As the team New leads in four losses, fatalistic fans recalled that the club has led the division 10 times since 1958, each time collapsing in the stretch. "At least we're where they can talk about us folding," said Manager Joe Altobelli. With Relievers Gary Lavelle and Randy Moffitt out with injuries, the talk made sense.

Cincinnati (3-3) Manager Spunky Anderson was surprisingly chipper, though his team fell 6½ games behind. Asked why, he said, "The Yankees and Pittsburgh." The realities seemed to preclude a surge of the sort the Pirates and New York have made: Reds hitting and runs were down and Cincy's ERA was higher than its average of runs scored. Most embarrassing was Tom Seaver's 14th loss, his highest total ever. And that was not the only place that Seaver was too high. "He's pitching too high," said Bob Watson of the Astor, whose sacrifice fly had beaten Seaver 3-2. "He's up in the strike zone, and we're getting the fat part of the bat on the ball." To further depress everyone but Anderson, Pete Rose, who is playing out his option, told San Diegoans, "It's been a pleasure being here."

LA 84-58 SF 81-81 CIN 77-84
SD 79-79 HOUS 66-75 ATL 62-80

NL WEST

Pittsburgh's (5-3) pennant express was temporarily derailed—by St. Louis and New York, of all teams. First, Ted Simmons cracked an eighth-inning, two-out homer to beat the Pirates 5-4 and halt their winning streak at 11. Then the Mets ended Bert Blyleven's string at six games without a loss, beating him 3-2, and defeated Jim Rooker 4-1. And it may be tough for the Pirates to get back on the track, because sore-armed John Candelaria doubts

he will be able to pitch effectively again this season.

League-leading Philadelphia (6-3) never felt seriously threatened by the Pirates, although at one point the Bucs were only one game back. The Phillies began the week by returning from a 9-6 road trip, an excellent performance for a team that usually fares poorly away from Veterans Stadium. "When we left home, I don't think anybody gave us a chance to return with the division lead," said Manager Danny Ozark. "The media just thought we'd go through the motions and fold." Back home, the Phillies went through the right motions and built a six-game winning streak. Looking ahead to the playoffs, they once again said June 15 was the season's turning point. Last year they acquired Outfielder Bake McBride on that date. This year they re-acquired Pitcher Dick Ruthven, who has since gone 11-4. Ruthven threw a 1-0 three-hitter at the Cardinals last week.

The Mets (4-4) had good reason to act starry-eyed. Brooklyn's Lee Mazzini, authentic *Saturday Night Fever* material, had two homers, two singles and three RBIs in an 8-5 win over the Dodgers—and then passed a Hollywood screen test. And John Sienra stole his 24th base to break an unofficial 75-year-old record for steals by National League catchers.

Chicago (4-5) blew four leads, thereby falling out of the race. The main culprit was Reliever Bruce Sutler, who could not hold three of the leads, but he had plenty of help. Ivan DeJesus lost a fly ball in the sun, and Man-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

AMOS OTIS: The Kansas City centerfielder went 14 for 26 with a homer, a triple, two doubles, 10 runs batted in and four stolen bases. He had two four-hit games and three times delivered key hits in Royal victories.

ager Herman Franks acted sunstruck. Under fire for removing pitchers prematurely, Franks became enraged at a call and three times kicked dirt onto the shoes of Umpire Doug Harvey. Franks faces a possible fine—and perhaps a suspension.

Montreal won four of seven as Larry Parrish hit .400, but Dick Williams—one of the game's most realistic managers—pooh-poohed talk of contention. "Two weeks ago, I knew what we had to do," he said. "Somebody had to get hot to make it a race. The Pirates did. We didn't."

In a painful season, St. Louis (3-5) looked for balm wherever it could find some. The Cards were soothed by the performance of rookie Danny O'Brien, who pitched well in his debut before losing 2-1 to the Phillies.

PHIL 78-63 PIT 74-67 CH 71-71
MONT 67-78 ST. L 61-82 NY 58-85

BOC 86-55 NY 85-36 MIL 82-80 BAL 80-82
DET 77-64 CLE 60-80 TOR 56-86

No team in the division had a winning week, and the best performances were turned in by players on season-long losers. Forkballer Ken Forsch of Houston (3-4) threw only 34 pitches in two hitless the Dodgers 5-0. "He didn't even work up a sweat," said Los Angeles Manager Tom LaSorda. "He could have lasted another nine innings." No less effective was Jose Cruz, who has batted .348 since the All-Star break. With a .407 week, Cruz increased his average to .313, second best in the National League, and promised, "If I'm still close to the lead in a couple of weeks, you'll see me start bunting for hits."

Atlanta's (3-4) other knuckleball pitcher, Phil Niekro, became the first 18-game winner in the league. Niekro beat San Diego 8-1 and L.A. 7-4. The Braves might have had a

Fair start on a foul day

The rains came to Seattle—so what else is new?—as did UCLA, which sloshed to an unimpressive 10-7 victory over defending Rose Bowl champion Washington

There is a belief in the Pacific Northwest that football players from Los Angeles like water only in their hot tubs or under their surfboards. They'll take a smog alert or a mild earthquake over rain any day. They prefer a fast track.

So it was that UCLA Coach Terry Donahue, dismayed at having to open the season in Seattle against defending Rose Bowl champion Washington, could console himself with the fact that early September weather in Washington is usually balmy. Ha! Donahue had forgotten that a UCLA arrival in the Queen City has the same result as cloud seeding. It poured last Saturday, thoroughly soaking the new AstroTurf carpet at Husky Stadium and making every fall a splashdown.

Nevertheless, the Bruins, led by sophomore Defensive Back Kenny Easley and

Peter Boormeester, a fine punter, slipped and sloshed to a 10-7 victory over Washington. It was their third straight defeat of the Huskies and their second in the last three years in the Seattle rain.

Actually, Washington Coach Don James had been hoping for a dry field himself, although he had allowed as how he wouldn't complain if a thunderstorm happened along after the Huskies built a nice lead. "I don't know how anybody could play in that weather," he said afterward, "slipping and throwing that water-soaked ball."

The weather was just one of James' concerns. The other was UCLA's mysterious new offense—which replaced last year's veer. This was rumored to be a mishmash blended with a potpourri. Donahue was purposely vague when questioned about it: "We will run some

I-formation sets, we will run some split-back sets, we will run some single-back sets and we will run a few things I'd rather not discuss right now." Mark Purdy, a sportswriter on the Bruin beat for the *Los Angeles Times* called the offense "an amorphous piece of business which is being variously described as the 'multiple veer,' the 'smorgasbord,' the 'multiple I,' the 'multiple set' or the just plain 'multiple.'"

Well, apparently the only thing multiplied was baloney, because in the downpour at Washington, UCLA almost exclusively used the I. That is a formation that seems ideally suited to the Bruins' personnel, and in particular to junior Quarterback Rick Bushore. Unlike his immediate predecessors, John Scarra and Jeff Dankworth, he does not run well enough to be a topflight veer quarterback, but he does have a strong arm, one made stronger by intensive weight training in the off-season.

From left halfback in the veer to tailback in the I went James Owens, a world-class high hurdler (he was sixth in the Montreal Games and was the 1977 NCAA and AAU champion) who gained 938 yards last season, best on the team. But Owens spent the past spring in spikes instead of cleats while Donahue and his staff began installing the I. Owens had to be kept up to date by his roommate and best friend, Theotis Brown, a senior halfback turned fullback. A 220-pounder who ran a 9.6 100 in high school and gained more than 1,000 yards for the Bruins in 1976, Brown was hurt much of last season.

"I won't be doing much blocking this year," said Owens before the game. "I'll be doing more running and going out on pass patterns. But Theotis, he's definitely doing more blocking. It'll be an adjustment for him. He's used to carrying the ball."

The UCLA coaching staff did a good selling job on Brown, convincing him that the pro scouts already knew he could run, now he could show them he could block. Also, that there is no NCAA rule forbidding I-formation fullbacks from handling the football once in a while, or even scoring a touchdown.

"I wouldn't trade our running backs for any in the country," said Donahue.

Washington's backfield was also somewhat unsettled. James had a difficult time picking a starting quarterback to replace

continued

After Boormeester kicked a field goal, Coach Donahue proved he wasn't just a fair weather friend

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Warren Moon, who is now with the Edmonton Eskimos of the CFL. The man who won the job was Tom Porras, a transfer from Ventura (Calif.) Junior College. In days gone by, the Huskies had eased into the season with pushover openers against the Puyslip Indians (1898), Lincoln High School (1911) or the crew of the U.S.S. Mississippi (1923). No doubt James would have liked to break in Porras against, say, the Bellevue Beauty School. But, no, it was UCLA—in a game that might eventually determine the Pac-10 title.

To ease some of the pressure, James put Porras off limits to reporters the week of the game. Acting as spokesman for his team, James told a booster-club luncheon Friday, "The Husky players are going to go out and fight and scratch and bust their fannies, and what more can you ask?"

Well, sunshine for one thing. The weather was so rotten that neither Porras nor anyone else had much chance to show what he could do. Defense took over. And the special teams.

Donahue had been prophetic earlier in the week when he said, "One of the strongest points of the Washington program is their kicking game. I think one of the keys in the ball game will be how sound our kicking game is in relation to Washington's."

It was sound enough. The Bruins got off to a 3-0 lead in the first quarter, recovering a fumble on their 45 and slipping and sliding to the Husky 20 before bogging down. With fourth and 10 at the 20, Peter Boormeester kicked a 37-yard field goal. So much for UCLA's offensive point production.

A few minutes into the second quarter, Bruin Matt McFarland, who averaged 40 yards on seven soggy punts, kicked to Washington's Nesby Glasgow, who dropped the ball (one of his three fumbles) and fell on it at the Husky 15. In three plays Washington lost seven yards, and Aaron Wilson prepared to punt from his end zone. Easley, however, came racing in from the left side of the Bruin line and blocked the kick. The loose ball was flopped on by Strong Safety Brian Baggott for a TD. Boormeester made it UCLA 10, Washington 0.

"We figured that Washington would pressure our special teams," said Easley, "and we planned to do likewise with them. We had a block-punt play on. It's designed so that everybody on the in-

continued

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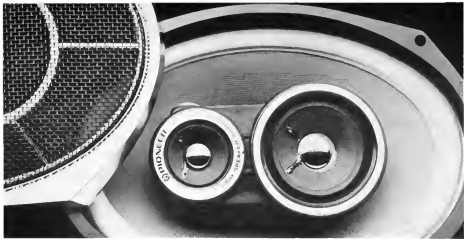
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free edge cone. (Theirs has a fixed edge cone.) So the music comes through with each instrument clearly defined.

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side gets blocked and I start way outside and get through. I took a running jump from about four yards away and I really figured that I'd missed the ball. When it hit my left hand it was a surprise to me."

Washington's only score came just before halftime. Owens and Bashore fumbled a handoff and Bruce Harrell recovered for the Huskies on the Brum 31. Four plays later Porras passed to Tight End Scott Greenwood in the end zone, and Mike Lamsford's PAT brought the Huskies to 10-7.

The second half was simply a matter of treading water as both teams had trouble slogging to midfield. But Washington's Rose Bowl hopes weren't completely doused. The Huskies got off to a miserable start last year (2-2 including a victory by forfeit) and came back to win the Pac-8 title. "They're not out of it and we certainly haven't clinched it," said Donahue.

As the spectators waded out of Husky Stadium it was still raining. The waterlogged but happy visitors from California wouldn't have been surprised to see, on the blacktopped path leading down to the nearby marina, a line of animals marching two by two.

UCLA might have been unspectacular but the Bruins, ranked 12th in the AP's preseason poll, at least had rain as an excuse. Seven of the eight nationally ranked teams that played and won last week were also unimpressive, and most of them have only themselves to blame. Then there was Notre Dame, which was not only unimpressive but also upset, 3-0, by Missouri.

The Irish downfall came largely as a result of blowing three scoring opportunities and eschewing the field goal in two of them. In the third quarter Quarterback Joe Montana tried a sneak on fourth-and-one at the Missouri 11 but was stopped. Three minutes later, third-and-goal from the one, Montana again was stopped for no gain. Then Chris Garlich and Kurt Petersen threw Vegas Ferguson for a loss on his fourth-down blast.

The game was still scoreless late in the third quarter when Notre Dame marched from the Missouri 36 to the three, but a penalty brought the ball back to the 18, from where Notre Dame finally attempted a field goal. It was botched when Joe Restic mishandled the snap. Missouri then marched to the Irish 16, where Jeff

continued

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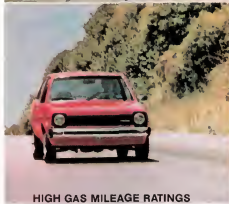
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Brockhaus booted a 33-yard field goal. "I can only criticize myself," said Irish Coach Dan Devine. "Field goals win games, the idea is to win, and we were in range several times."

Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer was also questioning his strategy. With 41 seconds left, the fourth-ranked Sooners led Stanford 35-20 and had the ball on their own 12. Oklahoma took an intentional safety in order to get a free kick, making it 35-22, but three plays later Stanford's Steve Dils hit Ken Margerum on an 11-yard pass for a Stanford touchdown, and the successful kick cut the score to 35-29. Then the Cardinals recovered an onside kick at Oklahoma's 11 and on the next play Dils threw into the end zone again. It took Darrol Ray's interception with no time left to save the Sooners' day.

Another perplexed coach was Penn State's Joe Paterno. "I'm not sure what the problem is, but we've got to get better or stop talking," he grumbled as the No. 3-ranked Nittany Lions looked lack-

luster in a 26-10 win over Rutgers. The Lions were particularly unimpressive in the first half, gaining only 32 yards rushing in 22 attempts. Quarterback Chuck Fusina, who completed 13 of 23 passes for 191 yards, finally mounted an 11-play, 82-yard touchdown march in the fourth quarter. "They will be a tremendous team," gushed Rutgers Coach Frank Burns. With Ohio State coming up this week, they had better be. "If I were scouting for Ohio State, I'd tell Woody Hayes not to worry," Paterno said.

Ninth-ranked USC was so lackadaisical that it was booed at home for the first time in memory before defeating Texas Tech 17-9. To hear Tailback Charles White tell it, the catcalls were uncalled for. "Our game plan was to wear them down," he said. White had 136 yards in 30 carries and the game plan went fine in the third quarter when USC gained 156 yards to Tech's one.

Iowa State, ranked 20th, pulled out all the stops—which is to say it fed Dexter Green the ball often—to stave off upset-

minded Rice 23-19. Green, who had 165 yards rushing, scored on runs of nine yards, 13 and one, two of the TDs coming in the last quarter. "When we didn't stop ourselves, they stopped us," said Cyclone Coach Earle Bruce.

Another unimpressed coach was Nebraska's Tom Osborne. The 10th-ranked Cornhuskers showed what they can do by scoring three TDs in a three-minute stretch of the third quarter. Nevertheless, their 36-26 win over California left Osborne cold. "At times, we played like a grammar-school team," he groaned.

Sixteenth-ranked Texas A&M broke a 10-10 deadlock against lightly regarded Kansas late in the third quarter as Curtis Dickey capped a nine-play, 65-yard drive by bailing over from the one. From there, the Aggies cruised home 37-10.

Only 18th-ranked Florida State had an easy day. The Seminoles, led by Quarterback Jimmy Jordan's 16 completions for 209 yards and a touchdown, outgained Syracuse 587 yards to 148 in a 28-0 defeat of the Orangemen. **END**

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Not bad—for a machine

When David Levy sat down in a soundproof, air-conditioned booth in Toronto to play chess against a computer 725 miles away in Arden Hills, Minn., nobody laughed. Indeed, the outcome of the match would have as much significance for the future of chess as anything Viktor Korchnoi or Anatoly Karpov might be doing across the board from each other in the Philippines.

Each time Levy, an international master from Great Britain, touched a piece, his opponent, a Control Data Corporation CYBER 176 computer using a program called Chess 4.7, sensed the vibrations. Whirring into action, the machine absorbed the new position, made its calculations and spewed back its answer on a TV screen. Small lights would flash on the squares of the playing board in front of Levy—one underneath the piece to be moved, another showing the square the piece would occupy.

Ten years ago, the idea of an international master—or even a moderately

David Levy won his 1968 bet that no computer would beat him in the next 10 years, but Chess 4.7 didn't roll over

accomplished chess player—getting a serious game from a computer was considered ludicrous. In August 1968 Levy, then the Scottish champion, made what he calls a small bet with four professors interested in computer development: no computer would be able to beat him in the next decade. It seemed like a safe proposition. No opponent was even found for him until 1977, when he beat the Soviet Union's best program, KAIS-SA, and Chess 4.5. Later that year, an improved version of the latter program, 4.6, won the world computer-chess championship. To win his wager, by now grown to £1,250, Levy began a six-game match late last month against Chess 4.7, an improved version of 4.6.

There was not much doubt that Levy would win his bet, but what made the match significant was how far computers

had come in the 10 years. Earlier this year, 4.6 had beaten one of Korchnoi's seconds, Michael Stean, in speed chess and topped former U.S. champion Walter Browne in a simultaneous exhibition. (Stean cabled Levy to beware "the iron monster.") Even so, no chess computer had beaten or so much as drawn with an international master, to say nothing of a grandmaster, in a one-on-one, regulation-time match.

But by the 12th move of the first game, history was in the making. Levy had taken an inordinately long time—almost 8½ minutes—to make a predictable pawn move. During that period, 4.7, analyzing possible moves at the rate of one every 337-millionths of a second, had looked at 1,508,192 different positions. When Levy finally moved, 4.7 had an immediate response—a stunning knight sacrifice. Even more astonishing was its next play, a queen thrust that pinned two pawns and threatened checkmate in two moves.

"I was devastated," Levy said later. "Against a grandmaster I would have resigned immediately."

Now it was time for some peculiarly human savvy. Drawing on his knowledge of computer "psychology," Levy pressed ahead. He knew that computers are strong on basic tactics but tend to over-emphasize material gain at the expense of less tangible positional advantages. Sure enough, 4.7 retreated to defend its pawn structure and, in doing so, weakened a winning position.

At this juncture, however, 4.7 suddenly signaled its human masters that it wasn't feeling well, that something was wrong inside. "There are two million transistors in the computer," explained a man from Control Data. "If one goes bad, the machine doesn't work."

The machine was fixed just in time to prevent it from going over the time limit, and the match ended in a mutually satisfactory draw. "I'm just happy I didn't lose," said Levy. The computer people were happy that they had produced a history-making draw.

Playing the white pieces, 4.7 made an unusual opening in the second game. Levy promptly transposed into the Dragon Sicilian Defense, of which he is the world's leading author. He then prevented the machine from castling and had it checkmated in 54 moves, as early as Move 23, 4.7 was sounding like a loser.

continued



The antagonists. Levy contemplates the position against Chess 4.7 and programmer David Slate

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CHESS continued

"Oh, you had that," the screen said after one Levy move. Ahead by a queen and a rook, Levy began joking. "A gentleman would offer to resign," he said. "My opponent is no gentleman." Meanwhile he was moving somewhat carelessly toward mate. The irony was that the machine, which is superb in mathematical end games with few pieces on the board, could have beaten itself faster than Levy did.

In Game 4 over the Labor Day weekend, with his lead having grown to 2½-½ by virtue of another victory, Levy decided to play the machine on its own terms—and got stung. He chose a risky Latvian Gambit, stuck with it, and lost in 56 moves. For the first time in hand-to-transistor combat, a computer had beaten an international master.

In the fifth game Levy went back to his normal style and closed out the match 3½-1½ to win the bet. At 33 he is an anomaly—a player of less than grand-master status who can make both a living and a reputation from the game. Trained in math, statistics and physics at St. Andrews University, Levy has written three books on computer chess, owns two publishing houses and is working on a business deal that, he asserts, will be a "tremendous worldwide success." Levy is an engaging raconteur with a dry sense of humor, whose wide range of interests includes both music and poker. "I enjoy playing poker more than chess," he confesses. "It has as much content and more psychology."

But computer chess remains his entrée to celebrity. "In 10 years computers will beat grandmasters," he says. Others disagree, pointing out that Bobby Fischer has recently annihilated one of the world's best, the MIT Greenblatt program. These critics assert that chess is too creative to be conquered by machines.

Still, chess-playing computers are here to stay. Small models now on the market can be set to play beginners or intermediates up to the 1300 level (an expert is rated at 2000 or above). Another machine teaches end games.

So far, humans have withheld part of the game from the computer, the act of moving the pieces. David Slate, one of 4.7's programmers, could change all that. He is working on the ultimate chess computer—a human-sized robot that will move the pieces itself. "Now that," says Levy, "would be unnerving." **END**

ARROW G-WHIZ.



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The "Lost Dutchman" gold mine. Legend says it's near the place where we hid a case of C.C.



We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

We searched the same canyons the Dutchman had followed.

These mountains seemed a natural place to hide a case of Canadian Club. So we found a wrangler, and with our

C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend ... and perhaps his lost gold mine too. His last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons. It's been a spell since adventurers here have met up with gold-crazed

outlaws. Still, our wrangler's revolver was comforting as shadows deepened.

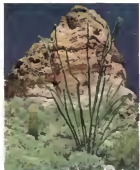
A campfire, cowboy beans and C.C. with mountain stream water.

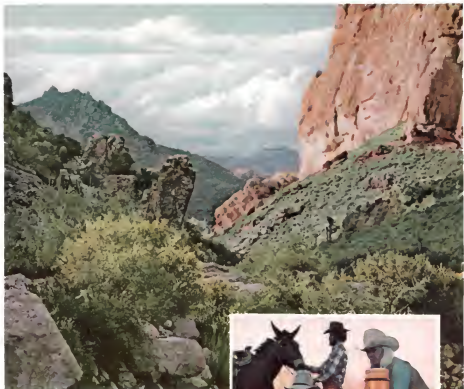
With dark, we pitched camp below the needle-rock, put our chow on the fire, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. and icy clear stream water. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in

sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (warning: it won't look this way from the trail)





and ride directly toward it. Follow a rocky trail that's really more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can again be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our full case of Canadian Club.

We wish you better luck in your search for the buried case of Canadian Club than those who've sought the Dutchman's gold. But be warned: this rugged country is unforgiving.

So if the trail seems too rigorous, you can strike it rich at any bar or package store. Just say, "C.C., please."

Beginning Sept. 4 get more clues by calling 800 275-4686. In N.Y. call 800 522-7537.



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A year ago at this time there was a good deal of talk about the failure of Secretariat to sire an outstanding runner from his first crop of 26 2-year-olds, nine of which were starters in 1977. Given a multiple-choice quiz asking how Secretariat was doing: a) excellent, b) good, c) barely adequate, or d) abysmal, even the staunchest of Secretariat's many fans would have drawn a big ring around d).

Because Secretariat became the first Triple Crown winner in a quarter of a century when he won the 1973 Belmont Stakes by 31 lengths, there was every expectation that his progeny would be enormously successful. However, two of his first get were among the worst high-priced clinkers in the history of racing. Canadian Bound and Grey Legion, Canadian Bound was auctioned for \$1.5 million and has yet to win a race; Grey Legion, who was sold at auction for \$550,000, never even made it to a race. In December Sacrebleu became the only Secretariat to win a race in this country, a seven-furlong event at Laurel. Sacrebleu, indeed!

Not only had Secretariat's first crop failed to reflect its sire's looks, ability or demeanor, but it also was, in large measure, burdened with a grotesque collection of names: Acratastus, Seclusive, Sexetary, Sociologue, Centrifolia, Dactylographer and Feuille d'Erable (maple leaf). The last two were winners. Dactylographer in England and Feuille d'Erable in a cheap race at Woodbine in Canada.

However, during the past several weeks two strapping chestnut 2-year-olds from Secretariat's second crop have come out running. Really running. Both are undefeated, and between them they have triumphed in the major 2-year-old races run thus far in New York and California. Each looks exactly like Pat. And each has already proven itself a gate attraction. On Labor Day, for example, the largest crowd ever to clog the walking ring at Del Mar ogled Secretariat's smashing daughter Terlingua before she went out and won her fourth straight stakes race, the \$122,440 Debutante. She returned 20¢ for each \$2 win bet. Nine days earlier, at Saratoga, Secretariat's son



Secretariat's first crop of 2-year-olds was forgettable, but the second, featuring undefeated Terlingua (above) and General Assembly, may well be memorable

They're toos of a kind

General Assembly had won the \$81,000 Hopeful Stakes and paid a paltry \$2.60, the price his father had paid in the same race six years before. In three starts, General Assembly has won by a total of 12½ lengths, while Terlingua has won her four races by 19¼.

Oddly enough, both horses race in similar green-and-white silks and are ridden by the same jockey, Darrel McHargue. "Both of them have exceptional ability," McHargue says, "and they both get better every time they go onto the racetrack. What can you really say when you get lucky enough to ride two such 2-year-olds in the same year? And both by Sec-

retariat. I only saw him run once, the day he won the Belmont, I just sat in awe. General Assembly is the best 2-year-old colt I've ever ridden, and he's going to get better. As for Terlingua, well, she was born with wings."

Last week Terlingua was shipped to Belmont Park to face the best Eastern fillies in the \$100,000 Frieze Stakes on Oct. 2. Terlingua's trainer, 42-year-old D. Wayne Lukas, says, "I could see her before I ever laid eyes on her. I read about her in a yearling catalog before the 1977 summer sales at Keeneland. After looking at her credentials, I went to Kentucky to try and buy her. Before going, I

continued

talked to one of my owners [L. R. French of Midland, Texas] and told him I knew what the horse would look like and that maybe we could get her for around \$250,000 to \$300,000.

"When I got to Keeneland, the first time I saw this filly being walked I knew who she was. I never asked anybody to bring the horse out for my inspection, just stood off to the side when anyone else would examine her. As the days of the sale went on, the prices for all the horses were going out of sight, and I didn't think we'd get near her for what we had in mind. I called French back, and he said 'Wayne, this sounds crazy, but just bring her back with you.' When we got Terlingua for \$275,000, it stunned me."

General Assembly was bred by Diana and Bert Firestone in Virginia and races under Bert's name. The Firestones have had great success in recent years, most notably with Honest Pleasure, Optimistic Gal and What A Summer. General Assembly's dam is Exclusive Dancer, a

daughter of Native Dancer. Trainer LeRoy Jolley has moved slowly with General Assembly, knowing that the road to the classic 3-year-old races is a rocky one. "General Assembly has a ton of talent," Jolley says. "He'll probably race only two or three more times this year, and then we'll rest him before starting to get him ready for the Kentucky Derby if all goes well."

Terlingua, who is named after the tiny (pop. 1001) Texas town that once hosted the world championship chili con carne cookoff, is a daughter of Crimson Saint, who in 1973 set the five-furlong record of :56 at Hollywood Park.

Lukas is new to thoroughbred training, following a spectacular career in quarter-horse racing. Since 1970 he has led the country in winners or money won, or both, five times. "I guess you could call me a hyper," he says. "I work about 20 hours a day. I'll go from the thoroughbred tracks in the afternoons to the quarter horses at night. This year I bought a Mer-

cedes because I thought it would be easier on me to get around, but it's rattlin' now because I've pushed 28,000 miles out of it just going down freeways."

In his first full year as a thoroughbred trainer, Lukas has won four \$100,000 races, as well as another worth \$97,475. He seems full of patience and will sit on the puffs of straw outside the stall and watch a horse for hours, trying to figure out how best to deal with it. "They do tell you things," he says. "You just have to keep looking for what they are trying to say."

Terlingua started her first race in a stakes, the Nursery, and won. "When the race was over," Lukas says, "I brought her back near the gap on the backstretch and let her listen to the noise of the crowd. I thought it might make her a little bit better horse."

Before the Nursery, Lukas was invited to go on a short vacation at Jackson Hole, Wyo. with his old friend Al McGuire, who coached Marquette, the 1977 NCAA basketball champion. "I needed some time off," Lukas says, "and so I flew from Los Angeles to Denver to meet Al before going on to Jackson Hole. When I got to the airport, I waited for about a half hour and stall-walked the whole time. Finally, I went up to one of the passenger agents and told him to give Al a note that I was too nervous about Terlingua to take any time off."

After defeating the top fillies in California in the Nursery and Hollywood Lassie Stakes, Terlingua met the best 2-year-old colts in California, Flying Paster and Exuberant, in the six-furlong Hollywood Juvenile Stakes. She won easily in 1:08½. By comparison, Affirmed won last year's Hollywood Juvenile in 1:09½.

Very few stallions sire the top 2-year-old colt and filly of the same year. In 1947, the 2-year-old champions were Calumet's Citation and Bewitch, both of whom were begot by Bull Lea. Not until 1964, when Bold Lad and Queen Empress, both sired by Bold Ruler (also the sire of Secretariat), were the champion 2-year-old colt and filly, was the double achieved again. General Assembly and Terlingua may very well make Secretariat's second crop as memorable as his first is forgettable. But as far as Lukas is concerned, the second crop is noteworthy, indeed. Terlingua has to earn only \$43,735 more to pay off her purchase price of \$275,000. Such gambles are rarely won.



McGuire says General Assembly is the best 2-year-old colt he has ridden

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Prodigy in a Puddle

Resplendent in the roadside pool, the huge trout was too big to be caught, yet too big not to be fished for

By William Humphrey

Call me Bill. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—I thought I would go fishing. It is a way I have of driving away the spleen, and after a winter spent in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts, I had a whale of a swollen spleen. Whenever this happens; whenever I find myself snarling at little children; whenever I stop being grateful



that my bottle is half full and start grumbling that it is half empty; whenever I get to thinking of committing myself to a mental institution like the handy one in Stockbridge, then I account it high time to go fishing as soon as I can, as soon as the season opens—if it ever does. The poet who wrote "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" had never

spent a winter waiting for spring to come to the Berkshires.

Now, when I say I am in the habit of going fishing whenever I begin to grow stir crazy, I do not mean to have it inferred that I am tormented by an itch for places remote, that I feel the lure of wild and distant seas and mysterious monsters of the deep. Not for

me marlin off the Kona coast or swordfish off Iquique. I never like to journey more than about five miles from home to go fishing, although a reliable report of really good sport can tempt me to go as far away as 10.

When I go fishing, I, too, want to get away from it all, because it is silence and solitude more than fish that I am seek-

continued

Giant Trout

continued

ing, but I do not want to have to go far to find it. As to big fish, all is relative. Not every tuna is a trophy. Compared to, say, a pookerel, every whale is a whale, but not every whale is a big whale. There are small whales. Every species has its prodigies, and these are not always found where you might expect to find them. Whale men go in search of them in remote and desolate places, it may well be that the monarch of them all lies at this very moment in the shallow waters of that unlikely-looking little stream just over the hill behind the house. Tarpon of 100 pounds are common and earn their catchers no glory, but Mr. T. S. Hudson got his name in the record book, where it has stood for a generation, by catching a 45-pound bluegill. It must have taken fully five minutes to land it. Which is the punishing equivalent of the three-day battle between Moby Dick and the crew of the *Pequod*.

Now, when I go fishing, I do not hitch a boat to my bumper or clamp a canoe on top of the car and head for the nearest lake. A lake is all too apt to have in and on it other boats, bathers and water skiers, and for me fishing is an act as private as prayer. Besides, when you've seen one lake, you've seen them all, whereas old Heracles tells us you can never step twice into the same river. No boats for me. I do not travel light when I go fishing—I go laden with gear, much of which I seldom use—but a boat is too big a piece of tackle for me. A boat demands so much attention itself, either rowing it or bailing it out, that it interferes with the fishing. The fisherman who fishes from a boat must needs be a boatsman, too, me. I am a fisherman pure and simple. I combine hiking with my fishing, when I catch nothing, as is most often the case, I console myself with the thought that I have at least gotten my exercise.

But the principal reason for my dislike of boats on lakes is my dislike of impounded water, still water, flat water, silent water—which is to say, stagnant, murky, tepid, weedy, scummy water, nor do I admire the kinds of fish that favor such water. Give me fast-flowing water, cold water, live water and the fish that thrive in its cold, against its currents. If while wading it I sometimes slip on a mossy rock and take a dip myself, I am only the watter for the experience.

I am particular about my fishing, as you see, requiring that it be cheap, nearly yet uncrowded, in a mountain stream or a meadow brook; and, because it is more the fishing than the fish that I am out for, I want a fish that will test me—my brains, that is, not my brawn, of which latter I have even less than I do of the former. I want a fish that is fastidious and finicky, wily and skittish, hard to lure, game when hooked. I want one that is not merely edible but delicious, and while I am at it, one that does not have to be scaled, if you please, "Is that all?" you may say. "Why, the fish you would have must be as rare as white whales—if not as big." I am hard to please; but there is among all the many kinds of fish that swim, one, just one, that fulfills all my many requirements—the trout.

And that winter in the Berkshires, just over the hill from my house, there was my kind of stream. Frozen hard, still and silent, it was waiting, as I was, for a thaw that was so slow in coming it seemed the Ice Age had returned.

A tributary of the Housatonic, this little creek originates in Stockbridge Bowl, the big lake below Tanglewood, summer home of the Boston Symphony, and meanders down to Stockbridge, where it joins the river. I rode alongside it—and at one spot, in the hamlet of Interlaken, four or five miles downstream, on the bridge over it—on my way to and from the library in Lenox, where I went to get the volumes of Hawthorne and Melville that had been my reading through the grim, gray winter just past.

The Hawthornes called the dell through which the brook runs "Tanglewood." In the little red cottage just below today's Tanglewood music festival grounds (or rather, in the original cottage which burned, and of which this one is a reproduction) the Hawthornes had lived during the year *The House of the Seven Gables* was written. To that cottage, mounted on his saddle horse and accompanied by his Newfoundland dog, Herman Melville, himself busy that same year of 1850 writing *Moby Dick*, rode over from Pittsfield to visit, and to tell, in the words of Julian Hawthorne, Nathaniel's son, "tremendous tales about the South Sea Islands and the whale fishery," looking, "when the narrative inspiration was on him, like all the things he was de-

scribing—savages and sea captains, the lovely Fayaway in her canoe, or even the terrible Moby Dick himself."

In Stockbridge Bowl and in the brook that issues from it, Julian Hawthorne learned to fish—an enduring pleasure. Such an ardent fisherman was the boy Julian that he even fished for chickens' Usang kernels of corn for bait, he fished for them out of the barn loft door. More than half a century later, Julian Hawthorne had this to say: "Water . . . dashed and gurgled for us in the brook that penetrated like a happy dream the slumber of the forest that bordered the lake. The wooded declivity through which it went was just enough to keep it ever vocal and animated. Gazing down upon it, it was clear brown, with glancing gleams of interior green, and sparkles diamond white; tiny fishes switched themselves against the current with quivering tails . . . Fragments of rock and large pebbles interrupted its flow and deepened its mellow song, above it brooded the twilight of the tall pines and walnuts, responding to its merriment with solemn murmurings. What playfellow is more inexhaustible than such a brook, so full of life, of motion, of sound and color, of variety and constancy."

By my time, more than a century later, it was largely unchanged, and the fish that switched themselves against its current with quivering tails were still tiny. It was suited, for fishing, for boys only. Indeed, in the section of it that lay in the lower part of Interlaken, the fishing was restricted to children under 14.

Boys were fishing in the pool just below the bridge in Interlaken one day in July when I had a flat there on my way home from the library. I watched them as I rested after changing tires. They were catching panfish. But they were neither keeping them nor throwing them back. Whenever a boy landed one he stepped on it to keep from getting finned while he unhooked it. When he had baited his hook again, he left the fish to flop on the bank. Very intent they all were, yet no boy bothered to string or even keep track of his catch. Maybe they meant to gather them all together when they had enough and have themselves a fish fry. They ought to have killed them quickly, though, not have left them to flop on the ground until they died.

I was withdrawing my eyes from the

scene when they snagged on something. It was lying in shallow water near the bank, downstream from the boys. A log, probably. Or a long narrow rock. The dappling on it had to be sunlight and shadow. It could not be what it looked like. Not anywhere—least of all in this little roadside puddle.

I got my binoculars from the car. What they showed me was a brown trout, 30 feet long. It could not be included in the glasses' field of view; it had to be scanned, section by section. The spots on it were as big as those on a dappled horse and gave to it the look of a submarine hull painted in camouflage.

My binoculars being eight power, the fish was actually between three and four feet long. I skipped a breath. I was being shown—I put it that way because I had a strong sense of having been chosen—one of nature's prodigies and given a glimpse into her inscrutable ways. Not in the remote, still, unpeopled wilderness of Labrador (where it would still have been prodigious) but here in this little roadside pool, where cars whizzed at my back and where the mood music of daytime TV serials came from the houses clustered all around,

lived one of the world's biggest trout. Few men—I mean by that, say, half a dozen men—even those whose monomania, whose profession was the pursuit of trophy trout, had ever seen one anywhere near as big. I was of many minds about having been singled out to receive this revelation. I was proud, and I was humble. I knew I did not deserve this distinction. I was glad, and I was scared. Whom the gods would bring down, they first exalt.

Seeing me with my binoculars trained on them, the boys all quit fishing as one and, leaving their catch behind, clambered up the bank and fled on their bicycles as though they had been apprehended poaching.

I went down to the water's edge, treading softly so as not to spook the big trout. Some of the bluegills abandoned on the bank were still giving an occasional feeble flounce, others were dead and dry, curled up like shavings; all had had their eyes gouged out. I could account for this barbarity no better after finding a tangle of line with a hook baited with a fish's eye. In addition to being atrocious, it seemed senseless. Catch a fish and pluck out its eyes to catch another

fish with, and all only to throw the fish away? This—to say the least—unsporting behavior seemed all the more shocking and saddening in this setting, in the same pool where a truly noble fish lived. One thing I understood—the boys' flight. They knew that what they had been doing was wicked.

The big trout lay almost touching the bank. I crept up on him cautiously. I need not have. It was to protect himself where he was unguarded that he lay so close to the bank. His eye on that side, his right, was blind. It was opaque, white, pupil-less; it looked like the eye of a baked fish. That, too, was saddening. One hates to see a splendid creature impaired.

An explanation for the boys' behavior now dawned on me. It was pretty far-fetched, enough to make me wonder whether I was not a little touched, but I could think of none other to account for the presence together there of the blind fish and the blinded fish. The boys were not fishing for the bluegills, only for their eyes to use as bait. With these they were fishing for the trout. I theorized that they were performing an act of sympathetic magic—or unsympathetic magic, if you will; that they credited the trout with an

continued



Giant Trout

continued



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

appetite for, or a hatred of, fishes' eyes because of resentment at the loss of that one of his.

Be that as it may, it was my ardor for fly-fishing—something that has given me much pleasure, and possibly kept me out of some mischief—that drew my attention to the boys on the bank of the pool and thence to the big trout within it. I was going to fish for the fish, and without reproach to myself that I had trespassed upon the boys' prior claim to him. They had forfeited all right to fish for that trout. It was my revulsion and shame at the ugly business of their gouging out the eyes of living creatures that made me forswear all live—or once live—bait and determined me to try again, hard as I knew it was, badly as I had been beaten at it before, to fish for Cyclops with artificial flies. Not only that, but also with dry flies. Nothing but the most sporting of methods was worthy of that once-in-a-lifetime fish. On paper it sounds pretentious, but I felt I had been chosen to atone for those boys and to show that noble trout that not all his human adversaries were ignoble in their ways.

Measuring your fish before you catch him is counting your chickens before they hatch, but as I did not much expect to catch that big one-eyed trout, I measured him first. I went to the pool at break of day the morning after discovering him, carrying with me a carpenter's six-foot folding rule. I stretched it, and myself,

upon the bank next to which the fish lay. In addition to the rule, I took with me my wife, and while I do not expect to be believed myself, I trust that no one is uncharitable enough to doubt her word. She, too, was stretched upon the bank, and she is ready to affirm that the fish measured 42 and a fraction inches. I did not attempt to tape-measure his girth, but I have measured that of my own thigh, to which it corresponded. When the length and the girth of a fish are known, its weight can be roughly estimated. I estimated old One Eye's to be 30 pounds, give or take five.

He could never have attained that size in that little pool. He must have come down, and not very long ago, from Stockbridge Bowl, perhaps been washed down in a flood. Nor could he have attained that size half blind. The loss of the eye, too, had to be fairly recent. Nor could he have attained that size on a diet limited to the tiny insects on which he was daintily feeding as I measured him.

But this was a very old fish, and old fish, like old people, experience a decline of appetite. Old trout do not like to exert themselves. There are tables that show how many calories, or fractions thereof, there are in a mayfly and how many ergs of energy a trout of a certain weight must expend per foot of movement in water with a current of a certain force, and what it all adds up to is that the more a big fish eats the more it starves. Old One

Eye had once been even bigger than he now was.

Now, a fish that big cannot be caught. That he has not been caught is all the proof needed that he cannot be. He is too wise. He could not have gotten that big without being wise. In his time he must have seen—and seen through—all the thousands of artificial fly patterns that are said to exist. Considering the odds against it, his survival to that age made him a Hercules, a Solomon, a Tithonus of trout.

On the other hand, a fish that big is too big not to be fished for.

What happens actually is that the fish hooks the fisherman.

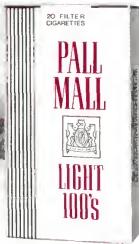
I struggled hard to get free of that one. I knew he could not be caught, even handicapped as he was by being half blind. That would only make him all the wavier. He could not be caught—certainly not in the only way worthy of him, the way in which I was obliged to fish for him, with a floating fly. Certainly not by me. I knew I was no match for that fish, very possibly the record American brown trout.

In the end I hit upon a solution as to how I might catch him, which, though I say so myself, was brilliant. Crafty. Sly. Stunningly original. It was elementary, of course; every brilliant idea is—after somebody has had it. Like so many advances, mine consisted in going at things backwards. The problem: I needed a mentor. The predicament: I knew no one, could trust no one. As long as I kept thinking of my preceptor as a fisherman, I got nowhere. But once I thought of him as a fish, Eureka! Who knew more about the ways of trout than the world's greatest trout? Here I had him in a fishbowl of a pool, and he was blind on one side; without his seeing me, I could study his every move, every mood. I went to the pool. I set out in plain clothes, taking no tackle with me. For a long time to come I would have no need of any. Then, suddenly seeing myself as others might see me, a man out at odd, twilight hours, furtive, up to something or other, I reconsidered and went disguised with gear. When I got there I found those wicked boys up to their tricks.

I had forgotten about them. In my mind that fish had grown even greater than he was, and I had grown a great deal greater than I was, and in my men-

continued

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Game, Set and Match in adidas

Giant Trout

continued

The collage features several items: three tennis rackets (Sirocco, New Line, Junior) in the top left; a pair of Stan Smith tennis shoes in the top right; a white Adidas tennis bag in the middle left; and a large central image of tennis player Ilie Nastase in a white Adidas outfit, captured in a dynamic pose as if hitting a backhand shot. The background of the collage is a grid of dark squares.

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The all-sports people

tal photograph of the two of us, me smiling modestly as I held him up by his tail, the boys and their despicable tactics had been completely crowded out of the picture. Now there they were, one of them yanking a bluegill onto the bank, another stepping on him, still another with his bloody little paws busy at his grisly task. A fit resembling in all its symptoms an apopleptic stroke seized me. A superstitious dread, which turned instantly into a dead certainty, gripped me. I was convinced that those little Yankees, natives of the place, unlike me, knew something I did not know: that for a resentful old one-eyed cannibal trout, fishes' eyes were surefire bait. Generations of Berkshire Mountain boys had known this. So real that I all but saw it taking place before my eyes was this sickening vision: one of those cane poles bent double, a shout of "Got him!" raised in a boyish soprano, and my fish, my trophy fish, ingloriously hauled ashore by that brood of little imps.

As soon as I showed up, of course, they skulked away. And they made themselves scarce for however long I stood guard, defending One Eye against them and against his own savage proclivities. But I could not be there around the clock, not without neglecting both work and wife. Just the mornings, the afternoons and the evenings until the boys' bedtime.

It was a chance of season, bringing with it an annual American rite, that delivered me from the threat they posed. One day as I came on my afternoon shift, one sunny, shirt-sleeves, get-out-of-doors day, I passed the Interlaken playground, and there they all were. The cry of "Batter up!" piped in clear, sweet, childish tones, trilled like birdsong upon the vernal air. Blessings upon those Little Leaguers, and might they one and all grow up to be Babe Ruths! A small and rather dingy, but nonetheless inspiring, copy of Old Glory fluttered on its staff above this enactment of the national pastime. Proceeding on my way to the pool, my pool, I was filled with devotion for this sports-conscious country of ours. I not only blessed baseball, but I was also grateful for golf, thankful for tennis, ecstatic for aquatics—for all the health-giving, body- and character-building warm-weather pursuits that keep our people in tone and out of trout streams.

continued

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Giant Trout

continued

My time to learn from old One Eye was short—what was left of the season. Neither he nor I would be there next year. I would be gone from the country; he would surely be dead. He was too old to survive another Berkshire winter. He could not live long in this little pool. No scope for his bulk here. He was, as it were, home from the sea, passing his decline in this sailors' snug harbor.

Each day that I went there to learn from him how to kill him, I waited anxiously for his appearance and rejoiced to find that he was still alive. I was not fearful that some other of his natural enemies might have gotten in ahead of me and killed him overnight. None had up to now; he had outsmarted, out-fought them all. I feared only that he might cheat me by dying a natural death. He was now fighting his first losing battle, the one against the common enemy of fish and men.

I logged his comings and goings like an assassin establishing his victim's routine. He came always to the same feeding station, an eddy at the tail of the pool where a tiny feeder stream trickled in, like an old regular to the restaurant table reserved for him. If there were other trout in the pool, none dared appropriate his place. When I had fixed the hours at which he issued from his lair beneath the bridge, I was there, prone on the bank beside his spot, waiting for him to come to breakfast at dawn, to dinner at dusk. He was unfailingly punctual in keeping the appointment with me that he never knew he had. Almost cheek to cheek with his sworn enemy he lay. And though he was a prodigy of his kind and I merely representative of mine, nature had given me a dubious superiority: unlike me, he did not know that he must die.

But though he might be ignorant of the end awaiting him, the fish acted as though he felt himself threatened every moment of his existence. Such a jittery creature he was, ever alert, ever fearful, as though he understood that he lived his life in a medium which exposed his every movement to hostile view. The fleeting shadow of a cloud passing over him was enough to send him darting for safety underneath the bridge. Old and big and wise in his way as he was, he could never for an instant relax his lifelong vigil; indeed, he must redouble it, be-

cause now he had but one eye with which to be twice as watchful.

That blind eye put between him and me the equivalent of a one-way mirror and, lying motionless in shallow, still, clear water, he could be observed as though he were in a tank in a laboratory or in a home aquarium. Yet, long though I studied him, and at such close range, I never got accustomed to him, never quite believed in his actuality. His difference from all others of his kind was too gross, too offensive to the established order of things. Surely for the latter part of his life his very size must, paradoxically, have been a protection against man, a conspicuous cover, if you will, a kind of flagrant camouflage. He was simply too big to be believed. Not looking for a trout his size, fishermen did not see him, or if one did, he disbelieved his own eyes, dismissed the apparition as a figment of his fevered imagination, a fisherman's fantasy and, knowing well how fishermen's tales are received by the world, never told a living soul. Thus, unseen, or else rejected as an impossibility, a wonder unrenowned, the big fish grew still bigger.

It might be expected that such a monster, such a freak, would be clumsy, muscle-bound, weak, short of wind, but the fish's great bulk was no impediment to his grace, his agility, his might. From dead still he could, when alarmed, accelerate to full power with a speed which amounted to vanishing on the spot—a magician's trick: now you see it, now you don't. Every part of that bullet of a body of his was functional. His mastery of his element was total. Without appearing to move a muscle he could maintain himself as stationary as a stone. By inflating and deflating his air bladder he surfaced and sounded like a submarine, and just as stealthily. He would sight his prey as it entered the pool. Then, light as a bubble he rose, his dorsal fin breaking water like a periscope, his huge streamlined snout silently dimpling the surface, and into that great maw of his a grasshopper or a caterpillar or a late-hatching mayfly drifted, borne helplessly on the current. Mission accomplished, he sank soundlessly from sight. When he wriggled to propel himself forward, the undulation of his muscles caused his spots to ripple like those on the side of a dappled horse when it quivers to the bite of a fly.

My studies were not confined to the fish, his hours, his preferences in food—which were, in any case, whimsical and unpredictable. It was equally important that I familiarize myself with his immediate surroundings, that small dining area of the pool in which I was going to attempt to take him unawares. I had to chart the currents I would be fishing as carefully as a riverboat pilot. That my river—the little feeder stream within the stream which served up the trout's food to him—was no more than two feet wide and not much longer than that before it dissolved into the pool itself, that it was

*Excerpted from the forthcoming book
"My Moby Dick," published by Nick
Lyons Books/Doubleday.*

slow and unruffled, and that my fly would float on its surface, above any obstructions, might seem to have made my task easy. Not so. The very stillness of the surface meant that my fly must fall upon it so unnoticeably as to seem not to have fallen but to have hatched from under it. And the very narrowness of the channel demanded a cast of pinpoint accuracy, the very shortness of it meant that my time of drag-free float would be fractions of a second. There were—there always are, in even the narrowest stretch of flowing water—more currents than one. These currents are what, sooner or later, always causes drag, that oft-mentioned enemy of the dry-fly fisherman. The fisherman's fly must ride down the same current that ensnares the live insects and carries them to the lurking fish. Meanwhile, the leader to which the fly is attached lies across the adjacent current, or currents, as well. No two currents of a stream, however small, however slow, however close the two, flow at the same speed. One of them will carry the leader downstream at a rate faster than that carrying the fly. After a while—about as long as it takes to read this—the leader bellies in the current downstream of the fly and begins to drag the fly faster and faster. Nothing could be more unlike the free float of the natural insect, and all trout are born knowing this. More, they not only refuse that one unnatural fly, but so unsettling is the sight that they sometimes quit feeding altogether and hide themselves in fright. The time the fishman

has in which to deceive and hook the fish is that brief interval between the alighting of his fly upon the water and the commencement of drag. Drag a fly over a wise, wary old trout and you might as well move on to some other stretch of the water.

I would have yet another problem. The limitation of the fish's vision, which had worked to my advantage while I studied him, would be a disadvantage when I came to fish for him. In a circle of 360 degrees the field of view of each eye of a normal trout is approximately 97 degrees. Within that compass the fisherman's fly must appear; if the fish is to take it, he must see it. However, to attract, entice and deceive old One Eye I would have to present the fly on his left side. To put down a fly from a distance of some 40 feet so that it would drift into his limited field of vision would not be an easy matter and, if it were not to frighten the fish away, the fly must alight with the delicacy of a wisp of down.

My awe of the trout and my awareness of my problems had mounted to the point that I was almost paralyzed by them, and it was this that made me decide the time had come for me to take him on. I had just waked to the realization that it was August—late August—almost September. The year's first yellow leaf falling to the water before me was what awakened me. The fishing season was fast running out. That wizard of a fish had cast his spell over me. It was another of his protective devices: by his very fascination he could beguile you into forgetting your intentions toward him.

There is a way to land a really big fish—maybe. It is the opposite of the way to land an ordinary one. Instead of fighting him, you put no pressure on him at all; indeed, you do not let him know that he is hooked. You give him his head. You just hold on quietly and let him have the freedom of the pool until the moment when you scoop him up tail first in your net. That was what the fish had done to me. Without my even knowing I was hooked, he had me all but ready for the net. Now or never, I must get up off my belly and into the water with him.

I then learned that we were not alone, my fish and I. While I had been observing him on that day of decision, I was being observed myself.

continued

Giant Trout

continued

I was crawling backward away from the bank. Looking over my shoulder, I saw a towheaded little boy, as freckled as a trout. I spent another minute on my hands and knees searching for the thing I was pretending to have lost.

"After that big old trout, eh?"

"Trout?" I inquired, giving up my search and getting to my feet. "What trout?"

The boy stepped around me and started down the path to have a look for himself. He knew where to look.

"Don't go too near!" I said. "You'll scare him."

"Scare him? What's he got to be scared of? Heck, he's bigger'n I am."

"Well then, keep back. If you should slip and fall in he might eat you."

"You a foreigner?"

"Texan."

"Thought you talked kind of funny. Well, let me tell you something, Tex. You're wasting your time fishing for that big old one-eyed trout."

"Done a good bit of fishing yourself, have you?"

"Enough to know that much. I'm just telling you for your own good."

"Son, if I'd always done what was good for me I would never have had much fun."

The boy watched as I rigged my rod. From a pocket of my vest I took one of my many fly boxes and selected a fly.

"What's that?" the boy asked.

I showed him the Hairwing Coachman, size 10, that I had chosen.

"What is it?" he asked.

"An artificial fly. A hook with feathers tied around it to look like a live insect."

"What's it for?"

"It's my bait."

"That? You think you're going to catch that fish with that thing?" The boy pouted me. To him my foolishness was monumental. "Mister," he said, "there's just one bait you might get that fish there to bite. Know what it is?"

"I suspect I know what you think it is," I said.

"It's—"

"Never mind."

"It's—"

"Never mind. You do things your way, I'll do them mine."

"You want to catch that fish, don't you? Well—"

"I do, but that's not all I want. There's more to fishing than catching fish."

With a shrug and a shake of his head, the boy gave up on me, at least for the day. He had done his best.

I went up over the bridge and around it to the other side of the pool. I waded into the water behind the fish. I dared approach him no nearer than 35 feet. I flicked my fly line back and forth in false casts, adding to its length. When I judged the line to be extended the proper length, I straightened it forward and let it drop. The fly touched water just where I wanted it to and, so it seemed to me, touched softly. Nevertheless, the fish bolted for the bridge. What I had done was to disregard one of the most famous fly-fishing dicta of Charles Cotton, Izaak Walton's friend and companion, "Fish fine and far off."

In fly-fishing, the lure—the artificial fly itself—is nearly weightless, so it is the weight of the fly line that the fisherman casts. A fly line is far too bulky and conspicuous a thing to fool even the most foolish fish, and among trout of any size there are few foolish ones. To get "fine and far off," the fisherman is forced to interpose between the line and the fly an additional piece of tackle, one which, in the already unequal contest between him and the fish, gives the decisive advantage to the fish. This is the leader, the translucent terminal addition to the fisherman's line to which is attached the fly.

Nowadays leaders are made of nylon monofilament, but in the past they were made of something which gave a better idea of their gossamer nature: the drawn and finely stretched gut of silkworms. A leader's diameter is measured with a micrometer, in thousandths of an inch. It tapers from butt to tippet, going from something about the size of carpet thread down to something that looks as though it had been spun by an anemic spider. In fishing for trout, a leader less than 7½ feet long is seldom used; anything shorter than that can put the highly visible fly line—or its equally alarming shadow—too near the fish. The maximum length? There is none. It is whatever the fish demands and the fisherman can cast, because the longer the leader the harder it

is to handle. In broken water, early season, deep, fast, turbid water, and with small, unsophisticated fish, one can get away with a shorter and coarser leader; later in the season, with the water low, slow-moving and clear, and always with big, wise and wary old fish, the leader grows ever longer, ever finer, the fisherman further handicapping himself with each foot he adds to the tippet, hoping to stop at the point where the leader is fine enough to fool the fish but still strong enough to hold and land him.

Now, when I say "big, wise and wary" trout, it should be understood that I am talking about those of three pounds and more. Even the skilled and dedicated fisherman catches very few that big; rare is the man who has taken a single trout of four pounds or more. In the Eastern U.S. nowadays a two-pound trout is a big one. My Cyclops was fifteen times that size and, surely to the fifteenth power, wiser, warier. Thus, paradoxically, the biggest of fish was to push me to use the lightest of leaders. Our campaign against each other was to be fought over thousandths of an inch, with me yielding steadily to him.

And so we began. With each concession I made to him I came nearer to deceiving and hooking him—and further from landing him. I had begun with a nine-foot leader terminating in a tippet of .011-inch diameter, with a breaking strength of nine pounds. This the fish not only disdained, but he also let me know it was a gross insult to his intelligence and unworthy even of mine.

As, during the succeeding weeks, I grudgingly added length to and subtracted strength from my leader—and as I learned to cast the clumsy thing (which took a great deal longer to do than it does to tell)—I had the satisfaction, and the anxiety, of seeing a growing change in the response of my adversary.

Conscious that my time was short, I applied myself closely, and under the fish's strict tutelage I was becoming a better fisherman. He demanded nothing less than perfection. A careless cast, one that missed its aim by an inch or that landed with the least disturbance, and he was gone. Such ineptness seemed not so much to frighten as to affront him. He then retired beneath the bridge as though to allow me to beat an unwatched

retreat. How fatuous of me it seemed ever to have thought I was going to catch that wonder of the world. In this feeling I was unflinchingly seconded by my companion, the towheaded, freckle-faced little boy on the bank.

Until, that is, he gave me up as a hopeless case, lost interest and no longer appeared at the pool. The appeal of fishing as a spectator sport is limited at best; with never a nibble. I was unexciting, the laughable spectacle of a wrongheaded and stubborn fool, deaf not just to local wisdom but also to plain common sense. I was relieved to be rid of him.

I was improving steadily, but all the same I remained as far short as ever of the mastery, the magic, needed to entice this phenomenon of a fish into taking my fly. The longer I fished for him, and the better I got at it, the more elusive he seemed to become, as though he were leading me into the most rarefied realms of trout fishing. I got good enough, or so I felt, to be justified in wondering whether there was a man alive who could catch this fish.

Steadily forcing me to yield to him in the battle of the lengthening leader, he now had me down to one 18 feet long. With that, I could see I was beginning to interest him. So big was he that even at my distance from him I could detect that rippling of his spots which denoted that he was tensing, readying himself to pounce on his approaching prey. He looked then like a jet plane throbbing as its engines are revved up for the takeoff. I, too, throbbed with tension at those times. He would raise himself, wait, watch. Then at the last moment he always had second thoughts, sank back and let my fly drift past. I had said it to myself before, but I now became convinced that this fish had attained his extraordinary size, his uncommon age, thanks to some faculty that made him unique among his kind, perhaps in the history of his kind. I alternated between cursing him for his invulnerability and feeling that I had been uniquely privileged to have made the acquaintance of so remarkable, so rare a creature.

I grew increasingly conscious of my debt to him, yet I remained ungrateful. He was giving me incomparable training in how to catch trout—lesser trout than he, that is, and that included them all.

continued

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Giant Trout

continued

He was testing me against the highest possible standards. Few fishermen had ever had such coaching as his of me. I ought to have been content with that. I was not. He himself was the fish I wanted to catch—I hardly cared whether I ever caught another—and, forgetting now that I owed my betterment to him, in my increasing pride and vainglory I grew more and more confident that I could, that I would catch him. Right up to the season's closing day I continued to believe that.

"Closing day," my small companion said, reappearing suddenly at poolside.

"Has come. Aye, Caesar. But not gone," I rejoined.

"Huh?" My talking in riddles was all that was needed to convince him that I was hopelessly addled.

"Sell using them artificial flies, I see."

"Mmm."

"Ever get him to bite one of them yet?"

"Can't say I have."

"Then what makes you think he's going to now at the last minute?"

"Don't think he's going to—just hoping he might. You never know when your luck will change."

But the truth was, the fish had dashed my hopes. Closing day it was, and that alone would be the thing to make this one different from all the other days I had sunk in this folly of mine. At midnight tonight the Fish and Game Commission of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts would extend legal protection over its most venerable trout. It was only out of a sense of obligation and to round out the fitness of things that I waded into the water—a sense that having challenged the fish, I owed him his total triumph over me. It was I who had made today's appointment with him, and there he was.

As often happens, now that I had lost confidence and, with it, the compulsion to perform, I excelled myself in my casting that day. Four times running I placed my fly—a No. 12 Black Gnat it was—over the fish without rousing his suspicions, without putting him off his feed and sending him to sulk beneath the bridge. Those repeatedly ignored casts made my young companion

smirk; I, though ruefully, admired my unproductive accomplishment.

My fifth cast would have alighted in the same spot, some four feet in front of the fish, as the others had. However, it never did. Exploding from the water, the fish took it on the wing, a foot above the surface. Why that cast and none of the countless others, nobody will ever know. Instantly he felt the barb. Not fright, but fight, was what it brought out in him.

Out of the water he rose again like a rocket—out and out, and still there was more to him, no end to him. More bird than fish he seemed as he hovered above the water, his spots and spangles patterned like plumage. I half expected to see his sides unfold and spread in flight, as though, like the insects he fed upon, he had undergone metamorphosis. His gleaming wetness gave an iridescent glaze to him and, as he rose into the sunshine, his multitudinous markings sparkled as though he were studded with jewels. At once weighty and weightless, he leaped to twice his length. Then, giving himself a flip like a pole vaulter's, down he dived, parting the water with a wallop that rocked the pool to its edges.

The next moment I was facing in another direction, turned by the tug of my rod, which I was surprised to find in my hand. I had never experienced anything remotely resembling his speed and power. Nothing I might have done could have contained him. It was only the confines of the pool that turned him.

Straight up from the water he rose again, higher than before. It was not desperation that drove him. There was exuberance in his leap, joy of battle, complete self-confidence, glory in his own singularity. Polished silver encrusted with jewels of all colors he was, and of a size not to be imagined even by one who had studied him for weeks. I believed now that he had taken my fly for the fun of it. I was quite ready to credit that superfluous with knowing this was the last day of the season, even with knowing it was his last season, and of wanting to show the world what, despite age and impairment, he was capable of. Reaching the peak of his leap, he thrashed, scattering spray. In the sunshine the drops sparkled like his own spots. It was as though a rocket had burst, showering its scintillations upon the air.

Another unrestrainable run, then again he leaped, and for this one the former two had been only warmups. Up and up he went until he had risen into the bright sunshine, and there, in defiance of gravity, in suspension of time, he hung. He shook himself down his entire length. The spray he scattered caught the light and became a perfect rainbow in miniature. Set in that aureole of his own colors that streamed in bands from him, he gave a final toss of his head, breaking my leader with insolent ease, did a flip, dived and reentered the water with a splash that sent waves washing long afterward against my trembling and strengthless legs.

"Dummy!" cried the boy on the bank. "You had him, and you let him get away!"

EPILOGUE

Even so worldly a man as Jonathan Swift could write, late in life, in a letter to his friend Alexander Pope, "I remember when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost to the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this day." Sack with disappointment at losing my once-in-a-lifetime fish, I was sure I would never get over it.

But now I wonder whether a plastic replica of him hanging on my wall would not be a sorry substitute for my enduring memory of him haunting his might and his majesty against that rainbow of his own making. Many times, when low in spirit, I have rerun that vivid footage photographed by my eyes and printed on my mind and been cheered, been glad that that was my last view of him. He is the one fish of my life that has not grown bigger in recollection, the one that needs no assistance from me.

Fishing stories always end with the fish getting away. Not this one. This reader, has been the story of a fisherman who got away. For old One Eye made a changed man of me. No fish since then has ever been able to madden me. I have hooked and lost some big ones in that time, but to each and all I have been able to say, "Go your way. I have known your better, known him well, and there will never be his like again. You, however big you may be, are a mere mannow compared to my Moby Dick." **END**

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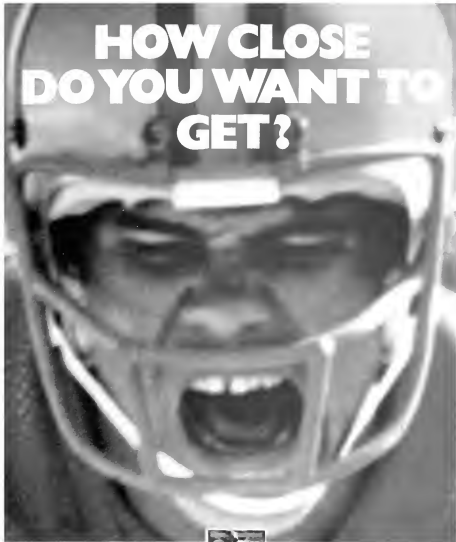
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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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MERIT
Kings & 100's

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 4-10

BOWLING—STEVE JONES defeated Bill Squier 21-17 in the final game to win the PBA \$60,000 Super Golden Open in Des Moines, Iowa.

MARK ROSE broke the PBA one-year money-making record by winning \$250 in an Eastern regional tournament in Parsippany, N.J. Rose's winnings of \$311,000 broke the mark of \$110,832 set by Earl Ebsworthy in 1976.

BOWLING—PINOPI CURVAS of Mexico retained her WBA welterweight championship by knocking out No. 1 contender Peter Rancucci of Sacramento, Calif. in the second round in Sacramento.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL It won't exactly waltz into Tight End Dave Casper had planned, but it resulted in much as any of his thinking touchdown catches. With 10 seconds remaining in their game with San Diego, the Oakland Raiders, who were trailing 20-14, had the ball on the Chargers' 14. Ken Stabler sat up to pass, was chased back to the 23 where he was hit by linebacker Woodrow Lowe and fumbled. The ball wound up in the end zone where Casper fell on it as time ran out. Earl Mann's extra point gave Oakland a controversial 21-20 win as San Diego's claim that Stabler intentionally grounded the ball was disallowed. It was just as close in Buffalo, where the New York Jets beat the Bills, also by 20-10. In Quarterback Brian Todd threw three touchdowns passes, including one to Jerome Brummett with 30 seconds left. Rookie Wide Receiver James Lofton grabbed three of David Woodley's four touchdown passes as Griffin Bay won the New Orleans 24-17 for its seventh straight victory; the Packers haven't been 2-0 since 1967. A second-year quarterback, Whitehurst completed 11 of 15 for 141 yards in Kansas City. Baltimore Trotter winner Earl Campbell rushed for 111 yards and scored twice to lead Houston to a 20-17 win over the Chiefs (page 24). Rookie quarterback connected for two touchdowns and Robert Newhouse cut off two more as Dallas rolled past the New York Giants 34-24. Terry Bradshaw, who required his dressing room at the second quarter, scored a pair of touchdowns in Pittsburgh beat Seattle 31-10. Washington returned four touchdowns by Philadelphia's Wilkes-Henningery, a second-year running back, to defeat the Eagles 33-30 in Cleveland. veteran Don Chandler kicked a 27-yard field goal in 4:30 into overtime as the Browns beat the Cardinals 19-9. Loose balling played led to Tampa Bay's second straight loss, 15-7 by Detroit. The Lions returned five fumbles and Henry Rader kicked three field goals. New England held St. Louis scoreless until the final minutes of the third quarter, and started by Don Cullum, who ran for 142 yards on 17 carries, beat the Cardinals 16-6. Miami defeated Baltimore 42-0; Bill Troup, subbing for the injured Bert Jones, had his first pass intercepted by Norris Thomas, who returned a 51-yard pass for a deep-thought touchdown. O. J. Simpson had his first 100-yard rushing game for San Francisco, but the 49ers lost 16-17 to Chicago. Los Angeles beat Atlanta 10-6, and in Monday night's game Dallas overcame the Colts 38-0.

GOLF—Defending champion JERRY PATE won the \$175,000 Southern Open in Columbia, S.C., in one round over Phil Hancock with an 11-under-par 269.

TOM KITE had four straight birdies in the final round to win the \$225,000 non-scheduled B.C. Open at Endicott, N.Y. by five strokes over Mark Hayes.

KATHY WHITWORTH shot a five-under-par 211 for a third straight victory in a \$40,000 LPGA tournament in Denver. Gloria Ehret, Jackie Washam and Pat Bradley finished up a three-way tie for second.

PAT BRADLEY shot a 12-under-par 276 to defeat Sherry Miller by four strokes and win the \$40,000 LPGA Ron Chirba Classic in Springfield, Ill.

HARBOR RACING—RAMBLING WILLIE (54-20) Robert Ferguson driving, broke the career-combined record set for a driver by winning the \$20,000 five-fall race at Nassau Downs in Colchester, Ohio. Rambling Willie's earnings of \$1,210,662 surpass the previous high of \$1,201,410 set by Altabris.

HORSE RACING—DR. PATTONS (51-40) Angel Calder Jr. up, defeated 1977 Triple Crown winner Seattle Slew by a neck in the \$400,000 Preakness Handicap at Pimlico Park in Baltimore, Md. It was only the second defeat in 13 years for Seattle Slew.

NOBLE DANCER II (55-00) Steve Casterlin riding scored a six-length victory over Upper Nile at the \$125,000 United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City. The 6-year-old horse covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:36 1/5.

MOON LARK (55-60), Jackie Martin in the saddle, finished 15th of a length ahead of Oga Juana to win the \$1.38 million All-American Futurity at Ruidoso Downs in New Mexico. The 2-year-old colt ran the 440-yard quarter-horse event in 21.84 seconds and won \$437,300.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI clinched the World Driving Championship in a crash-and-burn-out on a very-marred Italian Grand Prix at Monza. Andretti's Lotus was first across the finish line, but he and second-finisher Gilles Villeneuve were each penalized one minute for jumping the starting signal and third finisher Niki Lauda was awarded the win.

DON GARLITS, in a Dodge-powered dragster, won the Top Fuel title at the NHRA Nationals in Indianapolis with a quarter-mile time of 5.90 seconds and a top speed of 240.38 mph. Tom Meade, in a Corvette, was tops in the Funny Car class with a 6.052 in 235.60 mph, and Bob Gladden won Pro Stock with an 8.647 at 144.81 mph in his Ford.

SDCCN—The New York Apollo, the highest-scoring team in the AVL, won the league championship game 4-0 over the Los Angeles Skyhawks. Robert Delaney interrupted a free and locked an unassisted 45-yarder at the 44-minute mark for the only goal.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS won the U.S. Open men's title, defeating Rosta Borg 6-4, 6-2, 6-2 and CHRIS EVERT became the first woman since 1935 to win the women's championship four straight years, beating 16-year-old Pam Shriver 1-3, 6-4 (page 18).

VOLLEYBALL—Sandra Barbery won the IVA title, defeating Jacqui in a super tie-breaker. Spikars yielded 4-0 during the tie-breaker, but rallied for a 12-4 victory and the championship.

WALPOLETS—ACCEPTED Guard JOHN LUCAS and \$500,000 by Golden State as compensation for losing five again Rick Barry to the Houston Rockets.

APPOINTED As coach for Madison Square Garden Boxing, Inc., GIL CLANCY, 56, former manager and trainer of boxers, most notably two-time middleweight champion and three-time welterweight champion Emile Griffith. Clancy replaces Teddy Binner, who held the job for 20 years.

RETIRED After 12 seasons in the NBA, DAVE BING, 34, from the Boston Celtics. Bing, who averaged 20.3 points per game, also played with the Detroit Pistons (1946-54) and the Washington Bullets (1975-77).

RETIRED As vice-president and general manager of the Montreal Canadiens, SAM POLLOCK, 52, under whose stewardship the Canadiens won four Stanley Cups in 14 years.

RETIRED J. O. TOBIN, the 4-year-old Maryland-head colt who gave Triple Crown winner Seattle Slew his only defeat in 1977. In 21 starts, J. O. Tobin had 12 wins and earned \$459,555.

SELECTED As coach of the 1988 U.S. Olympic track team, JIMMY CARNES, 44, former University of Florida coach (1964-1976) and assistant coach of the 1976 U.S. Olympic team. Carnes is chairman of the AAU men's track and field committee.

TRADED By the New Jersey Nets, Guard KEVIN MCHESTER, 25, to the Detroit Pistons for Guard EDDY MURPHY. 21. Murph was with Detroit to the New Jersey Nets. Averaged 15 points per game and led the league in assists last season. Money averaged 14.6 points per game last year.

DEAD BONNIE PETERSON, 34, of internal injuries suffered in a major crash on the first lap of the Italian Grand Prix. He was second in the World Championship point standings this year.

DIED ARNOLD GALIFIA, 31, in his home in Glenview, Ill. after a long illness. Galifia was an AP-Associated Press writer from 1949 and played for the New York Giants in 1953 and the San Francisco 49ers in 1954.

CREDITS

22—Photo looks 31—Co Remembrance 39, 27—James Drake 38—Dick Rader (page 38) James Drake 38—Steve Goltz 46—New London Atlanta 38—Bernie Blumstein 24—Lara Swann 47—Billard Macklin 38—Bertie Swann 38—Ron Leifeld, William H. Tague.

FACES IN THE CROWD

GREGORY CARDINAL
First Vice



Gregory, 13, who is 4'7" and weighs 73 pounds, coasted down the 953-foot Derby Down track in Akron in 27.61 seconds (average speed 23.5 mph) to win the senior division of the All-American Soap Box Derby over 85 other entrants.

TONYA ALSTON
Cotton Club



Tonya, 17, tied the girls' AAU Junior Olympic Games high jump record of 5' 10" in a meet in Littleton, Neb. A senior at Chico High School, Tonya also has been the AAU Region XIII champion for two years in the high jump.

CLARENCE CHAFFEE
Williamstown, Mass.



Chaffee, 77, won the USTA hard court 75-and-over championship in Montecito, Calif. Ranked No. 2 nationally in his age group, Chaffee, a retired tennis and squash coach at Williams College, won also a runner-up in doubles.

MARY STOWDRITH
Pittsfield, Ariz.



Stowdrith, 21, a student at Yavapai Junior College and in Sp4 in the Arizona National Guard, won her second straight National Small-Bore Rifle prone championship, with a score of 6392. She also won the service and women's titles.

KEITH TICE
Cotton Club



Tice, 30, won the Scottish Highland Games championships in San Diego. Inverships in the hammer throw, the 28-pound-weight throw, the 56-pound-weight throw for distance, the 56-pound-weight throw for height and the caber.

DOUG KINGLEY
Hagerman, Md.



Doug, now 12, set an American record in the 800-meter 11 age group in the 8:50-meter run (12:12) and won the 400 (57.9) and the 1,500 (4:46.4) at the National Boys Age-Group Track Championships at Shippory Rock (Pa.) State College.

GOODE'S NUMBERS

Sir

Adjusting Bud Goode's predictions (*Big D* by Three, Sept. 4) according to the results of the first week of play makes Oakland 12-3-1 for the season and Denver 12-2-2. Now do you believe?

JEFF VANDEWARK
Cheyenne, Wyo

Sir

My condolences to Bud Goode. He predicted that the Jets would win only one game this year. Now let's see if the Jets can lose 15 straight.

DAVE AMBROSE
Allentown, Pa.

Sir

Washington 16, New England 14. So much for Bud Goode and his computer.

TODD NIZOLEK
Branford, Conn

Sir

In Week 11, Bud Goode has New England plus four over Houston while he has Houston plus four over New Orleans. I cannot believe you expect us to rely on these figures for the season, season, season . . .

BILL NELSON
Warwick, R.I.

• The latter entry should have read Houston minus four against New England, not plus four over New Orleans, making Houston 9-7-0 (.563) for the season.—ED

Sir

Although Bud Goode's predictions seem reasonable and have a good chance of coming true, I feel his computer has copped out on the big games of the season. Goode predicts that 16 games will end in a tie. With the sudden-death rule, 16 tie games seem highly unlikely. If he were to figure each tie game as a win or a loss, his overall projections would be quite different.

MARK COSENZA
Jackson, N.J.

• Goode was aware of the sudden-death rule. However, whenever computer results showed less than half a point difference between two teams, he rounded the figure off to zero and called it a tie.—ED

MR. STRAIGHT ARROW

Sir

Robert F. Jones' article about me (*A Do-Gooder Who's Doing Good*, Sept. 4) was favorable and for the most part accurate. He did make one error in judgment, though. In his passage about Phyllis George contrasting my life-style with that of Joe Namath, he says,

"The implication was that George preferred a fun-loving swinger like Broadway Joe to a stick-in-the-mud Staubach."

I never interpreted Phyllis' interview in that light. She did not take sides. She and her parents are close friends of ours; she is a fine, impartial journalist and I would never suggest that she might prefer feeling good to being good. She is a good person and a good friend of the family.

ROGER STAUBACH
Dallas

Sir

It was a joy to read about such a full human being. The day of the anti-hero is passing, and Roger Staubach could be one of the heroes we need. He has the preparation, the conscience, the involvement, the courage and the faith to meet the requirements.

JOHN ELLSWORTH WINTER, Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy
Millersville State College
Millersville, Pa.

Sir

I prefer a man like Roger Staubach any day. He is a credit to his family, his faith and his fans. Now if he could just clean up the Dallas Cowboys' act.

KAREN WOLFF
Fairfield, Ohio

THE COSMOS

Sir

Clive Gammon's article on the Cosmos' impressive victory over the Tampa Bay Rowdies in Soccer Bowl-78 (*Two in a Row for the Cosmos*, Sept. 4) was enjoyable and did justice to a great team. But there is one point that annoys me and thousands of other New Jersey fans of the Cosmos—the reference to the Cosmos as a "New York-based team" playing in a stadium "outside New York." I am sure your readers are intelligent enough to know where New Jersey is without having to use New York as a reference point.

MICHAEL PEEBO
Mountainview, N.J.

ALBUQUERQUE'S AERONAUTS

Sir

Your article *Across the Sea to Glory* (Aug. 8) is full of hot air. We have nothing against Clive Gammon or his writing, but such an adventure has no place in the world of sports.

LUCAS REED
RUSSELL WOODARD
Irving, Texas

Sir

Regarding the fight of *Double Eagle II*, who cares?

JOHN R. HESTER
Lincoln, Mass.

Sir

The photograph of *Double Eagle II* is the most magnificent picture ever to grace your cover.

JEFFREY HALL
North Andover, Mass

Sir

As a charter subscriber, let me congratulate Clive Gammon on his marvelous reporting. One "rode the air" with this triumphant trio, Abruzzo, Anderson and Newman.

RICHARD JONATHAN MILLER
Kennett Square, Pa.

Sir

Clive Gammon doubted the possibility of a ticker-tape parade in Albuquerque to honor the balloonists because "the buildings are mostly two-story adobe structures."

Just why do you allow provincial writers with a hayseed's knowledge of places and geography outside of megalopolis to present such ignorance to the public? For your education, Albuquerque, with its skyscrapers, fine restaurants and the best that three cultures have to offer, is one of America's most modern and livable cities. It makes most of Manhattan look as if it needs urban renewal.

However, maybe you shouldn't correct such distortions. It will serve to discourage newcomers, too many of whom can ruin a nice city and turn it into another New York.

GIL HINSBACH

Editor

The Hobbs Daily News-Sun
Hobbs, N. Mex

BRUTALITY (CONT.)

Sir

The three-part series on Brutality in Football (Aug. 14 et seq.) is an outstanding contribution to sports medicine, as well as a timely demand for sanity in this important area of our national life.

My special justification for commenting, and that of my 42,000 colleagues in the American Academy of Family Physicians, is my involvement in the medical profession as a family doctor. Thousands of us function as team physicians for junior highs, high schools and colleges. We have to put these kids back together again after the punishment of practices and games, and also do our best to prevent more harm. We are, or should be, in a central position to help bring safety and balance to the game at the level where the youngsters are most impressionable. We can begin to help stop the senseless violence at this point, before it becomes ingrained in young minds and when real sportsmanship can yet be instilled in youth.

While my colleagues and I essentially are

continued

Who makes the best jogging shoe?

San Jose State University distance-running coach Don Riggs examines the Puma 'Easy Rider.'

A startling find.

I've tested every major brand of jogging shoe and I've come to a pretty startling discovery: Puma is the only one that toes-off properly—that bends the right way under the ball of your foot. Only one other brand comes even close.

Is this important? You'd better know it! Improper toe-off can lead to all kinds of foot and leg problems.

But don't take my word for the way Puma toes-off. You can test it for yourself. Grab hold of the 'Easy Rider' and bend the sole (see photograph). The bend is exactly where the foot bends, at the head of the metatarsal, and it's rounded the way your foot is rounded.

Now try the same thing with other shoes. Some bend too sharply. Some bend in the wrong place altogether. I've even found shoes that bend right in the middle, which can tear the heck out of your metatarsal.



Puma is the only big-name shoe that toes-off properly, says Riggs.

A 1,000-mile sole?

The sole on the Puma 'Easy Rider' is going to make a few people sit up and take notice. Look closely and you'll see it's covered with rows of truncated cones—in two different heights.

The tall cones give you traction and help to cushion impact and insulate your foot from surface heat. The comfort is fantastic, but that's only half the story.

When you run, the tall cones are squashed down. This is when the short cones come into play.

They're placed where the greatest wear occurs in a shoe—at the heel. They act like firm little bumpers to keep the tall cones from mashing down and wearing out too fast.

Going by the three years of testing I've done—and this depends, of course, on weight, running surface, and how hard you run—don't be surprised if you rack up a thousand miles on this sole.



The 'Easy Rider' sole. Note the two different heights of the cones.

Beware of mushy counters.

Another way to spot a first-class jogging shoe is by checking the counter—which is what they call the part that surrounds your heel.

You take a poor shoe and push against the side or back of the counter with your thumb. You'll find it's soft and mushy. When it breaks down, your heel is going to start wobbling around in there, which can cause anything from shin splints to knee problems. Avoid this kind of shoe like the plague.

Now try the same test with the 'Easy Rider'. The counter is strong, firm (like the photograph shows). It holds and protects the calcaneus (or heel bone) and its muscle group all the way down.

I like the way Puma pays careful attention to details like this.

The 'Easy Rider' stays firm when you push here. A poor shoe is soft and mushy.



Should you wear Puma?

Run your hand around the inside of an 'Easy Rider' and you won't find a rough edge anywhere.

Look at the nylon outside and you'll see why the rate of breakdown is so phenomenally low on Puma: all the stretch points are reinforced with leather.

That kind of careful thinking goes into other Puma jogging shoes, like the extra-lightweight version of the 'Easy Rider' called the 'Light Rider,' just introduced...the soft-leather 'Stud' with its ventilating holes...the less-expensive 'Rocket'...and the 'Whirlwind,' for cross-country competition and interval training.

I'll tell you the same thing I tell my athletes: A good shoe can make a difference in how you run. If you take pride in what you're doing, you've earned the right to wear Puma. You've earned your stripe.



The Puma 'Easy Rider,' imported by Beconta.

PUMA

You've earned your stripe

there on the sidelines to make repairs, we need to be constantly aware that we are in a position to contribute to the game and to the nation by influencing coaches, parents, fans and players to take definite steps to curb the rise in injuries.

Accolades to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for the courage to look this problem in the eye. The family physicians of America applaud you for calling the turn on coaches, players and us. Thanks. We all needed that.

JOHN C. KELLY, M.D.
President
American Academy of Family Physicians
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

John Underwood's series is an eye-opener. I have read articles on helmet-related injuries before, but I didn't know they were so numerous. I am a Junior Football League coach and I strongly agree with Underwood's suggestions. The one thing I am particularly interested in is the padded helmet. I didn't know that it already existed.

I also would like you to know that the team I work with is taught to tackle and block with the shoulder, not the head. Some coaches are changing, and I hope that with articles like Underwood's, more will. Maybe some day the game of football will be a little safer to play.

MICHAEL E. CULLEN
Gages Lake, Ill.

Sir:

John Underwood has done a great service to America's youth. As for the hard-shell helmets, give them to the officials so that when some drunk throws a bottle from the stands, they will have some protection.

DR. CAROL O. HARPER JR.
Chiropractor
Moses Lake, Wash.

Sir:

Regarding John Underwood's solutions to neck injuries, I would prefer to have my face mask puffed and risk a possible neck injury than to have no face mask and my nose relocated somewhere between my earlobe and my wisdom teeth.

ROB HARRIS
Akron, Ohio

Sir:

Perhaps an answer to the face-mask dilemma would be something resembling the lower portion of a hockey goalie's mask—a relatively flat piece of transparent plastic that would snap onto the helmet and curve down under the chin to protect the nose, teeth and lower jaw. This would avoid an outward projection from the helmet, which is a drawback of the present style of face mask. Such a device would also eliminate the temptation to grab the face mask when tackling. The mask could be easily removed in case of injury and replaced in case of damage.

NICHOLAS H. KALAPIN, M.D.
Naples, Fla.

Sir:

For those coaches who don't think the game can be played without tackling helmet-first, I submit Kansas City Chief Middle Linebacker Willie Lanier. Because of an injury, he could not use his head when tackling. Of course, Lanier only became one of the best linebackers in the NFL.

How about some penalties for fans? They're a part of this whole thing. How about 15-yard penalties for unsportsmanlike conduct when the visiting team can't hear signals for the booing? How about adding five extra minutes to a game when the home crowds go onto the field before the game is over? At present, the crowds are given credit for a home victory but don't share in losses. Let them.

Get the sports broadcasters involved. Kids imitate what they see on television. The "good hits" sportscasters talk about are often malicious and unnecessary. We "tell it like it is" when a player drops a ball. Why can't we call a dirty hit a dirty hit?

PALL KINCAID
Emporia, Kans.

Sir:

Your series fails to mention that many injuries can be avoided or minimized by the employment of a certified athletic trainer. Each year we see many high school athletes who are needlessly injured because of the ignorance of those who are charged with their primary care.

Secondary school administrators historically have been reluctant to hire a trainer because they have never had one before, and because it means an added expenditure of funds. However, what price do you place on a life saved or a serious injury prevented?

JOE GIECK, Ed.D.
Curriculum Director
Head Athletic Trainer
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

I play semipro football, and I would like my sons to play football, too. But I am not worried about whether or not the game will be fit to play when my sons are old enough. Either football will change now, or it will soon cease to exist. Thank you for an excellent social comment.

THOMAS R. SWEET
Mendota, Ill.

JIMBO (CONT.)

Sir:

After reading Frank Deford's article about Jimmy Connors (*Raised by Women To Conquer Men*, Aug. 28), I think SI should run a series on sportswriter brutality in prying into athletes' personal lives and making judgments about how they became what they are and what motivates them. Not content with analyzing Connors, Deford says of Jimmy's mother, "She is feared as a zealot." The dictionary defines a zealot as one who shows en-

thusiasm. Isn't it normal for a mother to be zealous when it comes to her son? Connors may need to improve his serve, but it's Deford who should stop double-faulting.

WILLIAM A. HERR
Blairstown, Ohio

Sir:

In fairness to Jimmy Connors, and with respect to Bjorn Borg and the Grand Slam, in his best year, 1974, Connors never got a chance to play in all four of the tournaments. The political machine of tennis took care of that by banning him from the French Open (won by Borg) for playing in the newly formed World Team Tennis league.

I am one person who regards this as one of the biggest ripoffs of modern sports. Jimbo was in overpowering that year as Borg has been this year. In fact, later that summer, Connors beat Borg in the U.S. Clay Court Championships.

Would Connors have won in Paris? I think so.

DAVE MCINTEE
Newark

Sir:

Frank Deford writes of "the mortifying episode at Forest Hills when Connors ran around the net onto the other side of the court and erased a ball mark that his opponent was citing as evidence of a bad call."

In more than 40 years of watching top-flight tennis, it was the funniest thing I've ever seen on a tennis court. Funny is funny. That was funny. The gasp that came from the part of the crowd that wasn't laughing was the same kind of gasp that I once heard at a Lenny Bruce concert. It confirmed my feeling that for one brilliant moment Connors had hit a higher comic net chord than the great court jesters of the past—Bill Tilden and Frank Kovacs.

LINTON BALDWIN
New York City

Sir:

It's a little late now, but if Connors' father had given both Gloria and James a good stiff back now and then, it might have helped (Don't knock it. I've raised seven kids and it works.)

JAMES A. WILDE
Warwick, R.I.

WORD TO THE WISE

Sir:

Rodney Dangerfield's comment "I went to a fight the other night and a hockey game broke out" (*SCORECARD*, Sept. 4) has to be one of the world's funniest lines. Beneath its comedy, though, there is a telling message about hockey's unnecessary violence. The National Hockey League should take note.

CLOYD PARTIN JR.
Decatur, Ga.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



He orders a rare burger and it comes well done.
And yesterday his favorite team set a record.
For consecutive losses.

But his wife called today just to say "I love you."
He calls himself Mr. Lucky.

A diamond is for him.

To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about \$600. Your jeweler can show you other men's diamond gifts starting at about \$300. De Beers.

True.
Unexpected
taste

at
only

5

MG TAR



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1979

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report May 1970.